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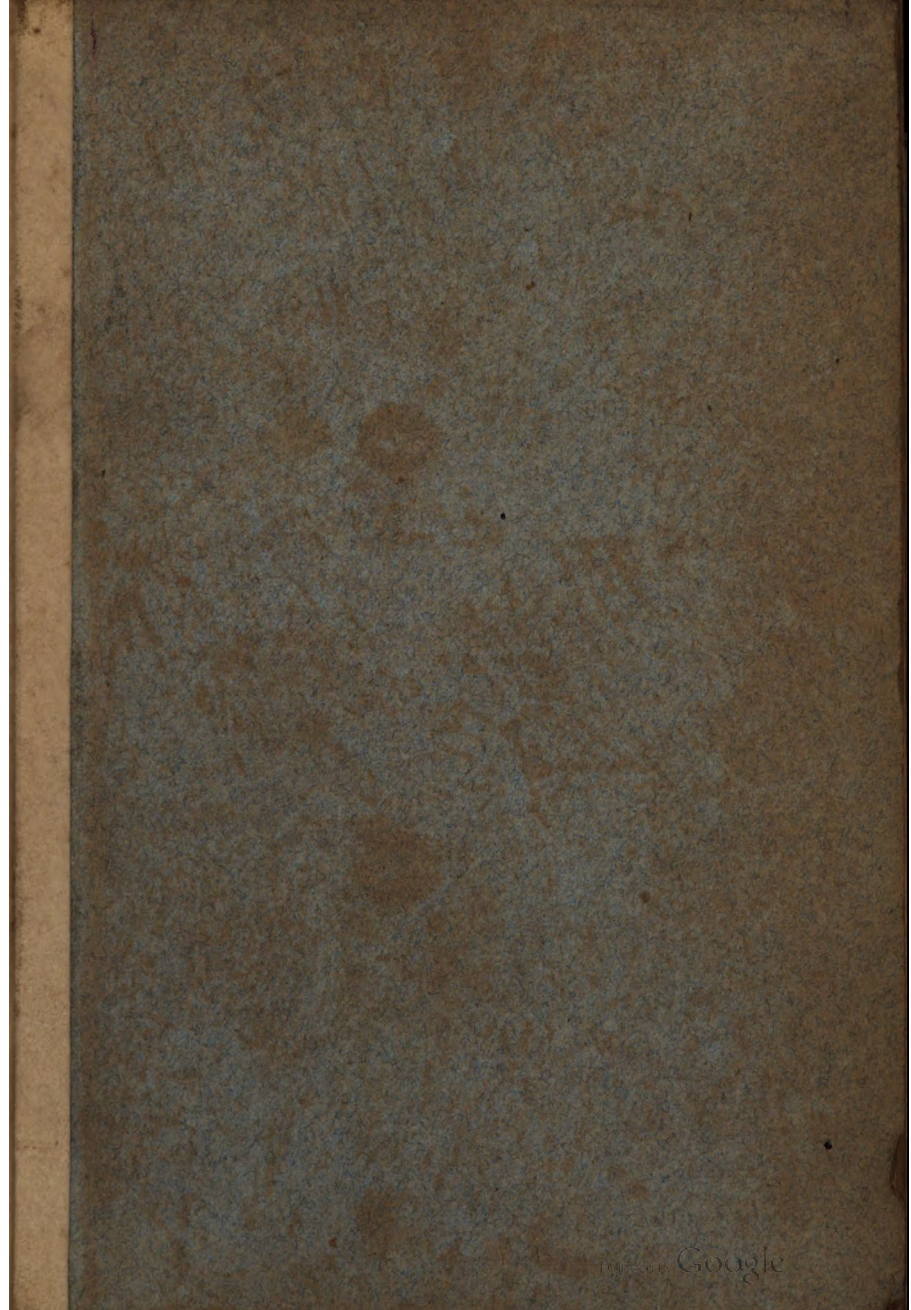
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THE
SOURCE of ENGLAND'S GREATNESS,
AND THE
SOURCE of ENGLAND'S POVERTY;

WITH CORRESPONDENCE ON THE LABOUR QUESTION

FROM THE
RIGHT HONBLE. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

BY
A CARRIER'S BOY.

PUBLISHED BY
ELI HAMSHIRE, EWHURST, NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY
1884.

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THE SOURCE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS, AND THE SOURCE OF ENGLAND'S POVERTY.

BY A CARRIER'S BOY.

I INTEND to write this book as the history of my life, with the source of England's greatness and the source of England's poverty, hoping that no jealousy or ill-feeling will arise from any person's feelings, as I write for the benefit of the lower and middle classes of society. I myself have no ill-feeling towards any man, woman, or child. I have been in the habit of travelling twenty miles per day, Sundays excepted (railway travelling excepted), for the last thirty years, and I have been the instigation of saving little children's lives from the brink of starvation. It has given me a heart to feel and a brain to think different to a great many of my fellow-countrymen.

I have lived in the parish of Ewhurst, on the borders of Sussex—which is twelve miles from the union workhouse—all my lifetime, and I have known old people who have worked hard and fared hard all their lifetime, and just at the latter stage of their life have been sent away to the union workhouse, with one foot in the grave and one foot out, there to die, after using the heavy irons of toil all their days, and bringing up a large family of children, when they ought to be together to prepare for eternity. Man's allotted time is three-score years and ten : this gives him ten years' Sabbaths

to prepare for his latter end. Then, again, I have known instances of people who have died broken-hearted through the dread of going to the union, and I have known inquests held over their bodies where the juries have brought in a verdict of "heart disease." Now, this class of people is often called improvident. Take the farm labourer, whose weekly wages has not amounted to more than 12s. per week on an average during the last forty-six years, and which is £31 4s. per annum—supposing him to have a family of eight children, and the two parents, making ten, to be kept. Having three meals each per day would amount to 11-16ths of a penny (just under $\frac{1}{4}$ d.) for each meal, which would amount to 12s. per week. They want the rich to tell them how to live; we pay the rich very dear to tell us how to die.

I chanced to see an almanack with a representation of Her Majesty, holding a Bible in her hand, which Book was stated to be the source of England's greatness. Now when I look into the second chapter of this Book, I read that the Almighty did not see it fit for man to live alone, and created woman for a helpmeet for him. The woman is not portioned from a bullock, or a horse, or an ass, but she is the portion of a man. Then we read at the time of the Flood that they were to replenish and multiply. Then, again, when our Saviour came upon earth, He said: "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Now these laws were instituted when man's Sabbaths were appointed.

Then we have our bishops, and canons, and Church of England ministers, who have their splendid mansions in each parish, and they have large salaries themselves, and they sit as Chairmen at the Boards of Guardians, they lawfully marry people, and they are the first to separate them.

I also read in the *Echo* newspaper that Her Majesty's income was £385,000. If she had the same number in family as the man who holds the plough her money would amount to £35 8s. 2d. 5-16ths of a penny for each meal for each individual. My motive in writing this—I have never seen it done by any other writer—is to show the contrast between the man who holds the plough and those who have these enormous incomes. And they preach equality in a religious

point of view. Then, I say, which horse deserves the most respect—the horse that draws the Queen's carriage, or the horse that draws the plough? Then surely the human beings who hold the plough ought to be better respected than sent twelve miles to the union workhouse, there to be separated, and there to die, which is wrong in the sight of our Maker!

The new plan of building the labourers' cottages, is with five rooms, with two rods of ground buried in with timber, the w.c. to empty within nine feet of the well of water, and the drain to empty within eighteen feet of the highway road into an open dyke! Now, God gave man light, and He gave the air to breathe and the water to drink, and said unto them: "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth;" and why should not the labourer who holds the plough have a piece of land, to keep a cow, &c.? We have what they call model farms in our parish, and, as Job said, they grow thistles in the wheat and cockles in the barley, and a great many other kinds of rubbish, I am sorry to say, and they monopolise the land; and where there used to be twenty little dairies of butter, and a quantity of other produce, it is now almost dormant; and they have their hundreds of acres, and enclose the waste land where the poor man used to keep his cow and his pig; and they plant laurels and what I call evergreen rubbish, instead of planting nice fruit-trees, which would be a benefit for mankind. One man has enclosed the church tow-path in our little parish; and at Cranleigh one man who owns thousands of acres enclosed the Goose-green, and an old farm labourer chopped the posts and rails down. In the parish of Wonersh there is a large piece of land added to the park, and there were a few working men who applied for a piece of land, and they were told that the land was in chancery. The parishes, Cranleigh and Wonersh, belong to the same lord of the manor. You see, these men who have abundance of land could enclose it if it was in chancery, but the working man can't get a rod of ground. Now in the parish of Shere there are 1,717 people, and there are 1,770 acres of waste land. I believe there are about sixteen million acres of commons and waste lands, and, if honestly held by the government in trust for the nation, and let at small

rentals, we should probably in a short time receive eight millions sterling per annum. The rents would be paid into the national exchequer, and the taxation of the country lessened by so much.

The Paris Political Economy Society has been discussing the advisability of introducing the Torrens Land Act—now in operation in Australia—into France. In the course of the discussion it was stated that the land of France is broken up into 126,000,000 plots. Surely something can be done in England in this same way.

Now I saw a poor old man lying by the side of the road, with a handkerchief over his head, and my horse shied at him. I said, "Not well, guv'nor?" and he said, "No, I am not well, friend. I have got cold congealed upon cold, and I feel almost in despair; and I feel empty. But I have seen better days." "Yes," I said, "there are many high trees fall to the ground; and here's twopence for you." He then took hold of my hand, and he said, "My hearty wish towards you is that a Supreme Power may ever reign over you, and that the sun of glory may ever shine around you, and that the gates of paradise will be opened unto you to the highest desire of true happiness!" And the tears ran down his face when he said it. There is not one man in a hundred who would pull his horse up and give a poor man twopence by the side of the road. I then gave him another twopence and drove on, and my thoughts were, Do those magistrates get that hearty wish who give fourteen days' imprisonment for asking for a crust of bread on an empty stomach? And as I thought this over in my mind there came a sort of chill over my body, and the tears began to run down my cheeks as I remembered there were so many thousands in the country like him. I had just read of an inquest, held on a baby four months old. The mother of the child said her husband had been out of work some months, during which time witness and her husband and six children had been almost starving; the poor mother herself not having sufficient nourishment, the child was starved at her breast. To the females of England: How long will you be crushed down by the ruling powers of this country? We hear much of abolishing the

House of Lords. If we could get a House of Females in the room of them, they could then stand up for their own protection! And then, again, I saw a case in a paper where a poor woman had three months' imprisonment for sleeping in an outhouse, and was so ill when committed that she only lived three days.

FUNERAL OF ELIZABETH WHEELER :

Sent to Hard Labour for Three Months for being Homeless and Destitute.

Out in the dark and the danger,
Out in the night and the cold,
Though our Saviour was longing to lead her
Tenderly into His fold.

* * * * *

Oh, where are the mourners?—alas! there are none
In the world now she is gone!
But bear softly her bones over the stones,
Tho' a pauper, she is one that her Maker yet owns!
The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests,
But this young woman in this so-called Christian country had nowhere
to rest.
How much there is needed to inquire for the distress!
Or how shall we stand with our Maker in that Great Day of rest?

The CASE of ELIZABETH WHEELER.—Mr. Burt put a question to the Home Secretary (Sir W. Harcourt) in the House of Commons upon this case, Mr. Macdonald inquiring if the right hon. gentleman had communicated with the magistrates at Guildford with regard to three months' imprisonment—a sentence sometimes passed on men for killing their wives—(laughter) passed upon the woman for sleeping in an outhouse.

And when these men, who refuse a glass of water,
Are in the valley and shadow of death,
It will work on their consciences
When they are striving for breath.
On the 27th of January, they took her, helpless and distress'd,
A sentence sometimes pass'd on men for killing their wives
(Laughter in the House of Commons),
And that was all she got for her redress!

And how hard they deal with the little paltry cases with the small tradesmen! For in nine cases out of ten they are perfectly innocent, but they are sure to have to pay £1 18s.

I think it would be wise if the magistrates were to read the 19th and 25th chapters of St. Matthew, the 16th chapter of St. Luke, and the 5th chapter of James, and see if their great Master set that hard example, and ask themselves the question, how they are going to give an account of their stewardship in that Great Day, for it leaves me in a mystery to understand. And I had been reading in the *West Surrey Times* that at the Guildford Board of Guardians a lady said the difficulty was that tramps made the excuse to people when they solicited alms that they were sent out of the workhouse hungry. Being a lady I know well (and her mother before her), and greatly respect, I must tell her what I saw in the month of December, 1880. I saw a poor man who had just come from the Guildford Union, and he had with him his wife and four little children. The man's teeth chattered with the cold as he was speaking to me, and he said his little girl cried for food before he got a hundred yards from the union. Then I saw another poor man with a family of five; the man had a little child on his shoulder asleep, and three little ones stood shivering with cold. The poor mother cried and said her feet were wrung rough beneath her, and that she had only been confined five weeks, and was then very ill. I gave her sixpence to get some refreshment, and told her she was in danger of losing her life. This was at seven o'clock one Saturday night. In this case I leave the females better to understand. Another member said he believed the master of the house would tell the Board that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those applying for relief were rogues and vagabonds. To the reader: Were these little infant children rogues and vagabonds? The next speaker regarded the circular which had been distributed as perfectly useless, as people would forget all about its contents in a week. He had given instructions to his servants not to supply tramps with anything, not even a glass of water; and in this he was supported by police authorities. This is quite true, as I knew one poor man who had fourteen days' imprisonment for asking for a drink of water. Inhumanity is what I call a monstrous great sin.

Men born to titles and fortunes attend but little to the

cultivation of the mind. Pleasure, monopolising the land, and cruel sport are the idols to which they sacrifice. We read in the Bible, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need of them, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Job the stranger did not lodge in the street, and I opened my doors to the traveller. And therefore I think, whatever difference there is among men in their outward condition, in their capacity of mind or strength of body, or place in the world, He that made the one made the other also, which is a good reason why we should not mock at men's natural infirmities, nor trample upon those who are not so well-to-do as ourselves, but in everything do as we would be done by.

I remember hearing of an old gentleman who lost his spectacles upon which he set great value, and for nearly a year they could not be found; but one day, on taking down his bible, to his great surprise he found them where he had left them for nearly twelve months.

And I once heard of a poor woman who had a bible given her by one of the Royal family, and in which was placed a five pound note; and when she had had the book nearly a year, one of the Royal family paid her visit and asked if she had read the book, when she said she had read it through and through; her visitor then asked to see the book, and as soon as she opened it she saw the note exactly where she had placed it, which proved at once that the reading of the bible had been neglected; and I think there are many of us who are guilty of neglecting our bibles, especially some of our magistrates, and for such as these I quote the following parables:—

"There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell

he lift up his eyes being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things : but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. For I was hungered and ye gave me no meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink : I was a stranger and ye took me not in : naked, and ye clothed me not : sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee ? Then shall he answer them saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."

Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields which you have kept back by fraud, crieth : and the cries of them which have reaped hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton ; ye have nourished, as in the day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just ; and he doth not resist you. But after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his deeds. Be ye also patient, stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

And the book says deliver us from evil ; and thy will be done.

From the first step on earth
To the brink of the grave,
They will not put their hand
To the plough nor the spade.

The late Mr. Ichet, the guardian, said to me, "You are a thinking man, I know;" and he put his hand upon my shoulder, and said, "We have a woman in the house who has had three bastard children, and she is about to have the fourth. What should we do in a case like that?" I said, "It is rather a hard question to answer. But I have a picture in my kitchen which will resemble your question. There are twenty-four Scribes and Pharisees, and a young woman in a sitting posture, with one hand holding her head and the other with a rope around her wrist, and our Saviour stands pointing towards her, and, looking round at the Scribes and Pharisees, He says, 'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her.' Now, I think this is a picture which would suit you guardians, if you were to look at it in the right light, for perhaps you were not quite innocent in your younger days, if you are now. And we read in our Bibles that they are the weaker vessels; and a great many calamities attached to childbearing, and the pains and sorrows the fair sex have to contend with, we know nothing about. Then why should they be taken advantage of so much? Then, I say, let the poor woman go free, and assist her as well as you can, and punish the fathers of the children well, and instead of paying 2s. 6d. per week, make them pay 5s., and that would check them in taking the advantage of the weaker vessels." The young men, as a rule, will lead the young women along "the green pasture of Love," and after they have taken advantage of them will turn them into "the sandy desert of Forgetfulness!"

Then it says: "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." And we read in our papers daily of young women concealing the birth of their infants. Then they are liable to be hanged or sent to prison. Now, where are the fathers of such children? Why should they go scot free? Then, again, we see cases where young women bring young men before a bench of magistrates, and the man will employ a solicitor, and he will perhaps cross-question her, and the young woman being confused, will perhaps make a blunder, and the father will get away scot free. Now it seems unreasonable for a young woman to bring a young man before a bench of

magistrates if there had been no connection between them. I think we should try to ease each other's burdens.

I well remember, when I was a lad of fourteen, meeting with a young woman who had been disappointed by a young man, and she was pregnant by him. I found she was in a distressed state of mind, and I went home with her. There was a large pond in the field, where she was going to put an end to her existence. I then told her the serious consequences, and that she was to let it come open to the world. The result was, she took my advice, and the young man had to pay 2s. 6d. per week for twelve years, and the young woman then got married, and she is the mother of ten children, I am told. I once knew a working farm bailiff who had a daughter come home in the family-way. The parents did not dare take her in, or the father would have to leave his house and his situation. The result was, the young woman had to go to the union workhouse to be confined. She there caught a fever and died. The mother of the young woman often cried, and told me what a trouble it was on her mind. I instance this case as a caution to young women. Now, we often hear about abolishing the House of Lords. If we could get a House of Women in the room of them, the fair sex could then go in and stand up for their own protection. I believe they would be the instigation of bringing our land into a better state of cultivation. They would not want to own the land to make a god of the sport, as the House of Lords do—I mean the game laws and stag parks—but they would be more for putting cottages on the land, and they would make it more comfortable for the great matrimonial institution.

We have a duke who has figured in the Divorce Court as an adulterer, a wife-beater, a ruffian, who struck her when in the family-way—a man odious, obnoxious, bad, and infamous. There is scarcely a day when the Divorce Courts are not filled with such cases. We have a House of Commons filled with lawyers, and these, like every one else, like to see their profession well patronised. Those who wish to divorce their wives for every offence would do well to consider what would become of them if God should deal with them in like manner.

Mr. Cobden and Mr. Gladstone have given a few very good reforms, but nothing what there ought to have been. Our England ought to be like a little paradise by this time, with double the population ; but now the land is monopolised, and not one acre of land in a hundred gives its proper produce of vegetation, and I think it is high time to turn our attention to it. And we have rivers, railways, and roads, and every conveyance to supply sewage on the land. It is not the fault of the English labourers. Look at the improvements that have been made during the last fifty years in London alone ; and then think of all other kinds of industry ; and see the millions of tons of coal and iron that the labourer ventures his life for, for the benefit and comfort of his fellow-countrymen.

The condition of the outcast poor is a blot on our civilization, which ought to be removed.

On November 22nd., 1888, at Clapham Congregational Church, the Rev. Munral, in an address on the bitter cry of the outcast in London, said he had found some wretched women who had been wives and daughters of merchants and traders, one of these, formerly the wife of a West-end tradesman who received £1,000 from her father on her wedding day, had gradually sunk to being an inhabitant of one of the lowest lodging-houses in Drury-lane. The speaker found one of the poor women employed as a paper-gatherer, her ribs had been crushed between two vehicles. A doctor from the hospital had set her ribs, and she lay in bed with scarcely any covering on her but the bandages, trying vainly to suckle her baby of three months old, the cold wind at the time blowing through the broken windows. In another house he found a woman with a baby only a day old, crying because the landlord had given her a week's notice to quit, because she was one week behind with her rent.

Mr. G. Smith, of Coalville, at a meeting of the Church Congress said, in this country alone there are 8,000 canal boats registered as dwellings, and between 40,000 and 80,000 persons living in them, he said that the parents, together with grown up sons and daughters, used the one narrow confined cabin as a living and sleeping room. Only fancy

what a wretched life to live in happy England! Is such a state of things possible? However, spiritually, these people are cared for by no one, and but for persons like Mr. G. Smith, who take a special interest in them, they would be utterly neglected. And my opinion is that the welfare of those that venture their lives on the water and in the mines ought to be studied as well as those who work upon the land.

THE REPLENISHING OF THE LAND, AND MULTIPLYING THE PEOPLE.—Now, what do we have our existence here for? I think to study and think for each other's welfare, and more particularly for those who are unfortunate in procuring a livelihood. For instance, look at our soldiers! they have often been compelled to enlist through being locked from the use of the land, and have been shot down like dogs! Now, these men have been suckled, and their mothers have a great care for them from the breast, whilst the richer classes have not got their natural feelings the same as the poorer classes have. They are put into a nursery, and are brought up by nurses. Their parents see but little of them. They live on goat's or ass's milk, and I think they become, like their foster-mothers, thick-headed and hard-hearted! They intermarry with their own relations, such as their first cousins, for the sake of money and estates, and their children are in some way or other always deficient. I find in the dumb creation—with stock—it is a good plan to cross breed them. I read in *The Illustrated Paper*, Feb. 26th, 1881, that Sir George Colley, in the Transvaal, left his position on Majuba Hill because the men had neither water nor food all one day, and the cries of the wounded were so painful to hear. The men licked the moisture from the box covers, and chewed the damp grass. The night was pitch dark, and their track was broken. To the reader: Only fancy the agonies that are felt in the battle-field! Besides, look at soldiers' wives and children left uncared for, but only by the union work-house, and there to be separated. Now, these wars are what a great many call "England's glory," but they are what I call "England's disgrace," to all humanity! It says in our Bible, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." Now, I heard a widow com-

plaining, and she said she lost two shillings every time she had four horses billeted on her, when soldiers were on the march, besides all her labour, cooking, and having to give them clean sheets for their beds, &c. Now, I think this poor widow treated the soldiers well, for when she went to the butcher's for their meat, he would ask if it was for soldiers, and if so, he offered her stinking steak; but no, she would have the same for them as for herself. Now, this poor widow often had soldiers billeted on her, because she used them well. Now, you see the tradesman would take advantage, because the men were only soldiers; they are oftentimes despised. It is forgotten that these are the men who protect our property, or I think they would not be so despised as they often are. Now, suppose some wonderful being, possessed with the power, were to go to every man, woman, and child, and take possession of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and then go to France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, Egypt, and Turkey, and every other nation in Europe; thence to China, where there are over 400 millions of human beings. If this great being obtained one sovereign from each individual, and all this enormous, incomprehensible mass of wealth were poured together, what do you suppose it would represent? Why, as nearly as possible the amount of money the English aristocratic parliament has spent in war since the time of Charles I., nearly 800 millions of which are now unpaid, and a burden upon the people.

Now, suppose the reader will imagine all the fearful disasters that have befallen this country during any period he pleases to take—all the colliery explosions, and all the fearful railway accidents, shipwrecks of our own vessels, accident by fire, water, tempest and lightning, and every other calamity you can think of, and the sum of them all will not equal, I believe, or come anywhere near, the sufferings and misery which the people of this country have endured by reason of its innumerable wars! Besides all this, the higher classes take pensions out of our pockets to support their own class of beings!

The British and Foreign Bible Society circulated 2,846,029 copies of the Scriptures for the year ending March 31st, 1883. Since the foundation of the Society it has circulated over

ninety million copies, and has caused the Bible to be translated and printed in 240 different languages. Surely our ruling powers ought to settle by Arbitration; our great Master never intended there should be any bloodshed according to His book.

FINDING CIVIL EMPLOYMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS.—Were the various roadside plots in the camp allotted out for building houses suitable for the working-classes and military men, having large gardens, say of a quarter of an acre each, how much better would it be than erecting houses for those referred to in densely populated localities, say North Town, &c., where work scarce, the produce of the garden and the poultry, even if the pig was prohibited, would largely aid in the support of a pensioner and his wife. Again, suppose it is as I am informed that a soldier must not marry, and may not take his wife into barracks until he has been seven years in the army, and has money in the bank, what must be the result is beyond guessing,

I feel it a duty to enlighten the public a little on the game laws. I have known sales of underwood to take place, when the auctioneer has announced that the owner would want a day's sport in a month's time, and there may have been forty or fifty men kept waiting to go on at this job of work, because the owner wanted a day's sport, with the result, in many cases, of empty cupboards at home, debt incurred with little tradesmen—causing dulness of trade, increasing our paupers, and filling our prisons. I cannot enumerate the evils of this system in this little book. But where there is a law so detrimental to thousands, I think we cannot expose it too much. Now, pheasants are brought up like barn-door fowls, and they go and shoot them down like soldiers in the battle-field; and to hear the shrieks and cries is something awful! Now, the pheasants are wounded in just the same way, and I think it a great piece of cruelty to our beautiful feathered tribe. Then, again, the same class of men go fox and stag-hunting. There was a man who told me he bought some underwood, and the man he had bought it of sent his coachman up one Sunday night to say that he was not to send his men there to work for a week, because the fox was

laying in the cover, and they would be there with the hounds to hunt it. Now, these men would be thrown out of employment if their employer had nothing else for them to do. I saw an old farmer one day in his field, who had been a farmer for sixty years, and he pointed out to me a horse track. He said, "These fox-hunters and stag-hunters want to make me believe that they never do any mischief; but why don't the wheat and seeds grow in that horse footmark as well as all round outside?" Now, the stagnant water stood in that footmark, which caused the wheat and seeds to perish. He said, "There may be five thousand footmarks; it would make a big piece of ground if you were to put the footmarks together. Besides, it makes the ground work steely the next time we plough it. And that is not all, for they break down our fences and gate-backs, besides letting our stock out into the roads, where the policeman might see them, and summons us before the magistrates—and that costs two or three pounds, as a rule." This is a disgrace. And I know the pasturage is allowed to stand and rot. I knew a farmer who said the staghounds rode up one land of wheat, and the other land they did not touch. At harvest he reaped the wheat from each land, and laid each by itself, and there was just half a bushel difference on the land they rode and trod down to what there was on that they did not tread. These are facts from practical experienced farmers;—that they ride and tread into the earth that which we ought to have for our sustenance. Then I think it to be a great piece of cruelty to ride after those beautiful stags. They run through the bushes and brambles with their tongues hanging out of their mouths, and a stream of blood running from their noses the size of a wheat straw; and then to fall backward from the fence into the dyke, and into the hound's mouth, to be torn about before the huntsman can get to them. They keep them for six or eight weeks, and turn them out again, when they recover their strength. I have also seen the horses' fetlocks bleeding, and the spurs used too much; and often hear of the horses dropping dead beneath their riders. And a great many accidents occur through these kinds of what they call sport. We read in our Bibles

that God created man in His own image ; therefore we are monuments of God's sparing mercy ; and why should we use the beautiful creatures that are sent for our food with such barbarity ? I call it a disgrace to all humanity—the corruption of the times.

The laws nowadays are like the spiders' webs, which holds small flies and suffer the great ones to break through and escape. Now if I were to go into Guildford with my horse's shoulder wrung the size of a shilling, and I had tried all I knew to prevent, the same class of beings who ride after the poor stags would fine the likes of myself from £1 to £5, or three month's imprisonment. And it is just the same with the small tradesmen. If his scales are just a little deficient, or should he sell a tin of mustard slightly adulterated, and not knowing what it consists of, he is fined from £1 to £5. Why don't they go to the manufactories, and put a stop to it there ? I have known as much as forty or fifty pounds paid as fines on bench days ; and we, as ratepayers, ought to have a balance-sheet every year in each parish throughout the country, and know what becomes of this money, as there is not one in five hundred who now knows what becomes of it. And why not choose our magistrates by an election ? If a man gets drunk in the borough, he is fined five shillings ; but if the county police find a man drunk just outside the borough, he is fined £1 and costs. If a poor old woman accommodates her neighbour with a loaf of bread, and it happens to be half an ounce deficient, she is fined £1 18s. Now there is a great difference about this sort of thing. To cut half an ounce off a loaf would look very mean. Then if she happens to have a measure in her possession which has not got a stamp on it, she is fined £1 18s., although the measure is correct. It is what I call a genteel way of robbing the small tradesmen, for in nine cases out of ten they have no intention of cheating the public. There are so many paltry things to enumerate, that I think it a disgrace to sit on the magistrate's bench. The county is more than an honour. My brother once got off the side of the road, and being at night, he could not get the load out ; the policeman came that way and saw the wagon stand, and then summoned

him, and he had to pay £1, though there was sufficient space for anything to pass or re-pass. Now I know these same magistrates to have trees of timber standing within five feet of the centre of the road ; but this is not noticed, because it belongs to what they call gentlemen's parks ; although it keeps the roads wet, and the ratepayers have to keep the roads in repair. The roads have no chance to get dry, the leaves making a deal of labour at the autumn of the year. And the surveyor can't get the stones on in the months of October and November, which is the proper time to do the work ; and then in the month of April the men have to pick the stones off again, or they would be rolling about all the summer, and often cause the horses to fall down. But now they break the stones very small, and they are soon ground into dirt ; and the roads are getting very thin in this part of Surrey.

England's greatness no man can nor will deny,
 Her prestige the labourer sustains ;
 The roast beef of Old England the labour supply,
 And the glory of England maintain.
 Labourers cause the resource to be culled from the land,
 Or raise by their toil and their skill ;
 The malt tax is gone—then be of good cheer :
 You can, if you wish, brew a good cask of ale !
 The clod of depression will soon pass away
 If let into farms of four to one hundred acres
 (And no man ought to have more) your rent you could pay,
 And the farmer's monopolization be all done away !

“NOT SUFFICIENT MEANS.—At the Middleton Cheney petty sessions, on Monday, the 25th, a middle-aged farm labourer, named William Peckover, in receipt of 10s. a week, from which had to be deducted one shilling for rent, was summoned on the ground that he, being possessed of sufficient means, did not contribute towards the maintenance of his father. Evidence of the chargability having been given, the defendant was ordered to pay half-a-crown a week. George Wade, fifty-nine years of age, and William Wade, his brother, were also summoned on a like charge. The relieving officer deposed that the father was in receipt of 2s. 3d. and two loaves weekly, making altogether about 3s. 5d.; and as it

was shown that George was in receipt of 12s. a week, and only paid 6d. a week rent, whilst William was only in receipt of 10s. a week, and paid 1s. a week for rent, the full amount allowed by the guardians was ordered to be divided between them in the following proportions : George to pay 2s. 3d. a week, and his brother 1s. 2d. But perhaps the hardest case of all was that of John Mayo, a stone breaker on the roads, earning 10s. a week, and sixty-three years of age, paying 1s. a week rent, who was ordered to pay 1s. 6d. a week towards the maintenance of his father, 88 years of age."

To the reader : I think these officials ought to break stones all their lives, and only have the same to exist on all their lifetime, and then they would not be so hard-hearted towards their fellow-creatures. I feel myself indebted to the poor hard-working men, and I have sometimes given them twopence to get a pint of beer ; but little do those who ride in their four-wheeled carriages ever think of them. I often think what little thought they have for the poor.

I recollect the clergyman at the time of the confirmation telling me to remember Faith, Hope, and Charity. If I understand the meaning of these three words, it seems to me like three virgin sisters that came down from heaven to earth to get husbands. Faith soon met with a match, and was married to Abraham, the father of the faithful ; and Hope was and is courted by every one—the scholar, the soldier, and the tradesman ; but poor Charity wanders up and down, neglected and disregarded by almost all men. When faith and hope are at an end, charity will burn with its brightest flame. Sixth chapter of Luke, 38th verse : " Give, and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." What will those beings meet with who give my fellow-countrymen fourteen days for asking for a crust of bread on an empty stomach ?

I saw two men who went for a night's lodgings at the union. They were tailors, and their hands were rung raw through jamming flints. They were kept there till eleven o'clock in the day ; but their poor hands were not fit for

work if they could meet with employment. How wrong it is to keep them so late in the day! It is not enough to oppress and trample upon the poor! There will be many of us found unfaithful stewards at the Great Day if we do not relieve them. But let a man get a hole in his coat, and he might travel till his soles dropped from his feet before he could meet with employment. I have seen thousands on the road, travelling in a terribly deplorable condition; and to hear their pitiful tales, and see the little children in arms and round their heels has caused my heart to ache many a time. Now, we hear much talk of our superiors. I don't believe in them: neither do I in inferiors. We read in our Bibles that we are all one flesh and blood; and if we can act the Samaritan's part, I feel it is our duty to do so. I have seen the parsons give a black look at me, as if I had no right to speak to them. Now, to ask for a crust of bread on an empty stomach I think is a most serious thing, especially when there is a feeling as if the worms are gnawing the inside. I have seen some of my fellow-creatures bite their food as if they could not get it into their stomach quick enough; and I have known these poor unfortunate creatures come to my door and ask for a crust of bread, or for a glass of water, and for so doing to be taken by the policeman before the magistrates, who have committed them to fourteen days' imprisonment. This sort of thing, I think, is a disgrace to a civilised country. We read in our Bibles, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests," &c. Now, I live twelve miles from a union workhouse, and I have had these, my fellow-creatures, come to me wet through and ask to be allowed to lie down under cover for the night. They have been willing and good minded men for work. I have often given them jobs to do, and I have always found them honest—never at any time having lost any of my tools; and I never put them under lock and key. I think we ought to have a place in each parish throughout the country, with a piece of land adjoining the building, so that they might cultivate it for the benefit of their country, and also for themselves. We have free access to the air, also to water, and why not to the land? It is man's instinct from his Maker.

I have thought, when I have been watching the beautiful stream of water running from the Silent Pool, in the parish of Albury (which stream has been running for a number of years) what a bountiful Providence presides over us! How useful it would be to run into large towns, where I have heard complaining of filthy water. Then there are springs at Abinger, and in other valleys, which would be very useful if properly taken care of for the towns. But now the sewage is emptied into this beautiful water, and poisons the fish, and also human beings. The sewage ought to be worked into the land for the benefit of mankind. It would be the means of growing all kinds of vegetation. From Wandsworth to Salisbury Plain there is sufficient scope of land to take all the sewage made in and around London for a thousand years, and I think this plan ought to be adopted, as it is a serious loss to our country. Prudent attempts sometimes prove successful beyond all expectations, and I hope it will be the instigation of opening up a new channel of industry. I read, "Wilful waste brings woeful want."

Touching the very interesting question as to the cost of fish in London and many other towns, I may mention that hundreds of tons of mackerel, herrings, and other eatable fish are regularly wasted in the Isle of Man, because the ring of buyers or brokers hailing from the nearest English ports will only take a portion of what is caught, the remainder being thrown back into the sea or sold as manure. I trust that something may be done so that all classes may reap the benefit of the harvest of the sea, and that our legislature will do something to lessen this great and monstrous sin. There are many thousands of people who would like to purchase them for their families, if they were sold cheap.

The collieries, mines, fisheries, and wild animals—all these ought to be reclaimed, and used only in the interest of every individual. Instead of being so used as to benefit all alike, collieries enrich a few private individuals at the expense of all the rest, who often have to pay extravagant prices for coal, beyond all proportion to the cost of getting it; and a large number of the poor, in the most inclement of seasons, are compelled to remain shivering with cold in their miserable

hovels, with scarcely a spark of fire to warm themselves. How simple it would be for our legislature to alter this state of things! Those who oppress the poor reproach their Maker.

There is great complaining when there is a bad harvest. This is our own making, since we allow monopolization of the land. I have known large farmers, living within four miles of my home, let their wheat ricks stand till the rats and mice have eaten them almost hollow. I have heard of three bushels of rats and mice being killed at one time. One farmer has let his wheat stand in sacks until it has rotted. The sacks were taken away, and the wheat remained upright from the mint getting into it, all because he could not get a certain price for it. I have heard my father say he once knew a farmer who was bid £39 a load for his wheat, and because he could not get £40 he would not sell it. He afterwards sold it for £14 a load. Now this is what we call a free country. True, it is for those who have their thousands a year coming in. I know one who has £100,000 a year coming in, and he buys up the land, and compels the farmer to lay it down, the result being what I call tumbled down. He could not go to the expense of cleaning it; it lies almost dormant, growing scarcely enough grass to cover a mouse through the summer, with yellow moss coming on it, where it used to grow a load of wheat to the acre, on an average. The staddles that the wheat was on at one time are now tumbling about the rick-yards. Then this same man has an enormous lot of timber, bringing him a lot of wealth every year. There is no tax upon that. But if the like of myself were to build a pigstye, or a little back washhouse, this class of man would come round and put a tax on it. Because I employ labour I have to bear the burden of taxation. To the reader, whoever he might be: Wake up, and send the right men to the House of Commons, so that we may get these unequal laws altered! and don't sell your vote for a meal of victuals, or a pot or two of beer! You must think it is intended for a better purpose than that! Men born to titles and fortunes attend but little to the cultivation of the mind—pleasure is the idol to which they sacrifice.

Two hundred and fifty of our British farmers, as well as a great number of labourers, have lately left Liverpool to seek new homes. Now this is a serious matter. I have heard say that there are 66,675 acres in the New Forest, in the county of Hampshire, belonging to the Crown, and a large farmer made a proposition to bring the land into a better state of cultivation, by letting the people have it, and not for them to leave their homes for America,—and do away with the stag and game preserves. According to an official return, the money taken to the United States last year by emigrants from Europe amounted to £6,000,000. Considerably more than one-third of this was taken from the United Kingdom. The sum named does not include passage money or money paid for railway transit after their arrival, but merely available cash.

What is the meaning of agricultural depression? I look upon the year 1879 as a sort of visitation. As to the seasons, they have worked very true since the years 1814 and 1816: in the one there was a great drought, and in the other a great deal of wet, according to what my father told me. And since that we have had the potato famine as a sort of visitation, and the rinderpest, which was a great loss to the farmers. As to the foot and mouth disease, I know the public think the remedy is worse than the disease; for where the stock is properly seen to, there is seldom any fatal cases. As for putting a stop to the markets, that throws a great stagnation on trade throughout the country. What the council can be thinking about I cannot understand! The farmers can't have their stock stocked, I myself had two cows that wanted to be driven, and I had to go three miles to the policeman, and when I got there he was not at home. The result was I couldn't take them, so lost the chance. Now, there are hundreds served the same way, and we shall feel the effects for a long time. As for stamping it out, that is very unreasonable. There always were plagues, and will be all the time there is so much dilatoriness in our farmyards and rickyards. I once heard a valuer say that a good cleared-up rickyard, with the ricks well thatched, was worth a hundred pounds a year to a farmer. But I am sorry to say there is scarcely

one to be found anywhere. Since they had the machinery they let their kавins lay in a lump and rot, and their straw-ricks left open to the weather. Then the stock lie down on the wet straw, and the result is they take cold and get fever on them, and then have the foot and mouth disease. Then, again, the farmers take more land than they can properly cultivate, and a great deal of it is laying dormant; it produces nothing but yellow moss and thistles. The farmer has to pay the same rent, tithe, and taxes as he does for the land that grows more produce; and I am sorry they lose it in that way—that it does no one any good. Since machinery has been in vogue our land has been going out of cultivation. Sometimes the steam plough is set to work, and at other times, for want of sufficient strength, this cannot be done; the result is, very little good is done, and that at great cost to the farmer. I have been told this by the owners of steam ploughs.

Then they have reaping and mowing machines, and I have seen their work done in a disgraceful way; in fact, if a farm labourer was to do his work in the same way, he would have six months' imprisonment, and serve him right too! I once saw a machine at work in a park, and the steward observed to me that the grass was cut nice and level. I replied that it was, and, putting my hand down to measure the bottom grass, I found it just the length of my hand. My father used to tell his mowers that one inch from the bottom was worth four from the top. Now, I have nothing to say against machinery. I think it is a great benefit to mankind, when it can be got into working order. But farmers often have their horses on to their machinery, and the plough lies in the hedge rue and goes rusty; then their land gets foul, and they find fault with the seasons. The truth is, they have more land than they have capital properly to cultivate. Take our little parish. We have here fields that have not had a load of manure emptied upon them for a hundred years! Then they are called poor fields! Now, if the landlords were to build cottages on the poor fields, and allow the tenants to keep a pig and a cow, how much more valuable his land would soon become!—as I once told them at a vagrancy

meeting, Doctor Stallard and the Hon. A. Herbert being present. These gentlemen had been speaking from the platform, and any of those in the body of the hall were invited to speak, as the meeting was about to be brought to a close. There were several clergymen and other gentlemen present. The time was half-past eight, and I, with my old round frock on, was the first called upon to speak; and what little I said I thought was answerable to the cause. I told the meeting if we could get three or four cottages built upon every hundred acres of land, and two or three acres of land attached to each cottage, so that the labouring class could keep a cow and pigs, then there would be something for the women to do as well as the men, and that this plan would greatly increase the value of the property of the aristocracy, and greatly decrease pauperism; that we should not then need the union workhouse, and that it would almost have the desired effect of abolishing our poor rates. I then said, "Gentlemen,—Providence guides us in mysterious ways! I was in the village of Ewhurst this morning, and I saw there a child, three years old, which put me in mind of a rabbit after it had been skinned! The woman who has got the child has a large family of her own,"—and to make myself understood, I put my hand to my head, and said the woman had shaved the hair from the child's head to destroy the vermin that was on it! The child's mother had had a large family, and a long illness, and had just then died. The poor child had been neglected. I said I thought some one ought to be placed in each parish throughout the country, as this was not the only similar case I had seen in our little parish. The speaking upon this great and serious question was kept up till half-past nine o'clock.

Now, I saw an old farmer one day, and I said to him, "If you have men capable of driving your team of horses, and fattening your bullocks, sheep, and pigs, surely they ought to have two or three acres of land, if they choose, so that they could provide for old age. As it is, you take every ounce of steel out of them, and the like of myself have to pay for their sustenance in the old union workhouse. This

is what I call a great shame, because we have to pay so much more in proportion than the higher classes have in the shape of rates and taxes—cottages being so much higher assessed after the rate than larger properties.” The farmer said I talked impossibilities, and that was all he could say. And yet this old farmer could almost talk a dog’s hind leg off, as the saying is. I said I would tell him what agricultural depression was, and how, to a great extent it originated. I asked him if he brought his sons and daughters up in the same way that he and his sisters were. I said, “No! You used to fat the sheep and bullocks, and hold the plough, and if you went to market you had to walk, or go in an old rickety cart; your sisters used to put on ankle petticoats, which kept them dry and comfortable, and their linsey-woolsey aprons, and perhaps an old round frock. They would go out in the morning and milk the cows and cram the fowls, feed the pigs, and dairy the butter, brew the beer, and shine the good long kitchen table until you could almost see your face reflected in it. They cooked some good pork and souse, and the workmen and all sat down together; you often consulted the men as to the best way to go about different jobs of work, and they studied your welfare; the workmen, from their practical experience, often knew better than yourself how to proceed with the work. I will now show up the contrast between the farmers’ sons and daughters of the present day and the past. Their sons are now sent to college, and they get on their stag-hunting horses, and ride to market in their four-wheeled carriages. Their daughters are sent to boarding schools, to learn to play the piano, and chignon their hair, and draw a great train of clothes behind them up Guildford town, which is almost ready to trip one up!” Otherwhile the old farmer broke out and said, “You talk of too plain facts for me to converse with you!” So the next time I went that way he met me again, and he said, “Bad news!” “Bad news! What’s up now then?” I thought he had had a great loss of some description. He said, “Wheat yields so bad!” I saw that he was in an excited state of mind. He said the land would go out of cultivation shortly. I said, No, it would not; all that we wanted was to have the

lime kilns put into working condition ; it is the lime nutriment that wheat and vegetation requires ; it lightens and cleanses and purifies the land. There used to be one hundred lime kilns burning in our little parish, and it took six horses to draw a load of chalk ; but now, having good roads, three horses could do the work. Now there is not one kiln burning in the parish. When farmers used lime they grew twelve sacks and two bushels of wheat to the acre. They used to be very particular as to their seed ; they cut wheat with a sickle, and would have it cut high if any rubbish was amongst it, that the rubbish might not be taken into the barn. The men who thrashed it had three-pence a hundred for all the docks they could find, and a pint of good home-brewed ale at night, which revived their spirits after a hard day's work ! The farmer studied his men's good in those days. If he had not got a fat pig in his pound he would sell him one, and find him in peas to fat it with, and had what was called a "jollification" in killing it. The labourer then had a good large garden, but now he has the greater portion of his garden taken from him, and has to do away with his pigstye, because the proud, haughty people about thought it a nuisance ! I know a farmer who has kept an old stock hog for the last fifty years—and it might be a hundred years old for what I know !—within three feet of his kitchen fireplace, and I never knew but one death in the house in all my time ; so that I don't think this to be a nuisance. You see, if a poor farm labourer gets a good fat pig in his sty he is called a nuisance, but I think the greatest nuisance is in his having an empty cupboard. I once heard of a parson and the inspector of nuisances going to a poor man's cottage, and the poor man took them to the cupboard, and there was only sufficient bread there to bait a few mousetraps, and he said that that was where the greatest nuisance laid ; he thought it would be more healthful if he had a good fat pig in his sty. I once knew a parson's wife who visited a poor man's cottage, and she told his wife that she did not use economy, or she would not be so bad off. The poor woman said, "Perhaps, ma'am, you would like to take my husband's twelve shillings next Saturday and lay it out for me ?" The parson's wife

took the money and laid it out; she got sugar, tea, candles, meat, cheese, butter, and all the things very nice for the week, and brought back one shilling and sixpence, which pleased the poor woman to think she had met with such a kind lady to bring her such luxuries; but she said, "If you please ma'am, where are my seven gallons of flour, which came to ten shillings and sixpence?" The lady went and bought and paid for the flour out of her own pocket. The lady never went to lay out the poor woman's money any more; neither did she trouble her head any more about her economy. All this I know for plain truth. Now this poor woman rolled in luxury the next week after the lady had laid the money out for her; but this is a curious question, not to be laughed at, particularly by those who have an abundance of this world's wealth. We shall all be upon one level in our future destiny.

I now feel it a duty to show the contrast in the prices of different articles. From 1849 to 1854 everything that a farmer produced was very low in price. I well remember selling 3 lbs. of fresh butter for 1s. 9d., 3 doz. new laid eggs 1s. 9d., 3 rabbits 1s. 9d., a bushel of flour 6s., a nice young five-year-old horse for 30 guineas, a nice young cow in full profit, £10, fat pigs at 3s. per stone, fat sheep at 4s. per stone, and fat bullocks at 4s. per stone. But now there is such an outcry about agricultural depression the prices are altered. I have sold 3 lbs. of fresh butter for 6s., 3 doz. new laid eggs, 4s. 6d., the average price; 3 rabbits 4s. 6d., and I have known five-year-old horses sell for 70 guineas, a nice young cow £30, fat hogs 4s. 6d. per stone, fat sheep 7s. 6d., fat bullocks 7s. 6d., a bushel of flour 9s., average price. All other things are fetching a good price, and therefore it does not look so very bad for the English farmer. The annual eatable production in this country is estimated at £250,000,000. In the harvest of 1880 there were 3,000,000 acres of wheat reaped, and, allowing seed for a similar number of acres, there remained only about 10,000,000 quarters of wheat in our country for our own consumption, the estimated quantity we require being 25,000,000 quarters per year; so that we shall now be under the necessity of receiving 15,000,000

quarters from foreign countries in order to supply the hungry with bread. This, reader, is a very serious matter, worthy the consideration of the legislature. If anything were to occur with respect to our food importation, we should be like they were in Paris a short time back; not only that, but our country is now in a sad state. We have, I repeat, still remaining about 16,000,000 acres of common and waste land. I do not believe that there is one acre but what would pay for cultivating; and if honestly held by the Government in trust for the nation, and let to the labouring classes at a low rental, we should be able to produce 16,000,000 quarters of wheat more than we do now; and that would be the means of keeping our mone at home.

Our friend the Rev. G. R. P—— recently took an active part in a public meeting held at Newbury upon our poor law reform, the meeting being called by the Liberal club at that place, the mayor presiding. The rector of Burgclere, in the course of an effective address, held that our poor law, as at present administered, is economically, morally and politically wrong. First, economically: The cost is levied on only about one-fourth of the property of the country. The income of England is over £900,000,000, while only £250,000,000 are rated for the relief of the poor; so that over £650,000,000 get off altogether. Lands and houses pay; founded property of all kinds pay nothing. Owing to the enormous extension of trade, the personal property outweighs the other in proportion of over six and a half to two and a half; and yet the two and a half still continues to bear the whole burden of local taxation—not only of the relief of the poor, but of roads, education and sanitary appliances. This, I think, is economically unjust. Bearing in mind that it is not poverty, but destitution, which is to be relieved, I maintain that this is not a local, but a national question; and if for convenience the government choose to deal with it locally, at any rate the property in the district, from whatever source derived, should bear the burden, and not the property derived from one source—land and houses only. Second, morally: It is unfair that the spend-thrift should be allowed by law to dip his fingers into his thrifty neighbour's savings, unless every means had been

first taken to compel the spendthrift to save. How can we oblige the spendthrift to save for himself, and so lay the burden on the right shoulders? There is but one way, and that is by the adoption of that excellent plan of national insurance, by which, as you know, every male person would be compelled to invest £10 with Government by the time he was twenty-one. The daily cost of a pint of beer for three years would more than do this.

Do this class of men ever do any hard, laborious work? I say, No! Then why should they envy a poor man a pint of beer? They are drones in the hive, and live in luxury which the poor man has to produce. I think all property ought to be charged with the maintenance of the destitute, and that relief should be administered so as to encourage thrift, and discourage waste. Every parish should manage its own affairs, and, if required, assist the neighbouring parishes. I addressed a communication to the *West Sussex Gazette*, and it appeared in that paper on the 16th September, 1880. The letter was not printed as I wrote it, and therefore I write it again, as it was written for the public good. A farmer said to me he thought to become every man to trouble his head with his own business, and I quite agreed with him in that idea; but, as I thought there was a little jealousy mixed up in the expression from him, I observed that he was the parent of children, and that was the case with myself; and when we saw land going out of cultivation so fast, I said I thought it only right that we should do all we could to prevent it, for the welfare of our children, as well as ourselves. So this is the letter I wrote:—

“TO THE EDITOR. SIR,—Noticing that a great deal is being said everywhere about agricultural depression, I often think how wrong it is to find fault with the seasons, as that is what I call finding fault with an overruling Providence. There are those who take prizes at the Smithfield Show, but I think those persons' land cultivation should be inspected before they are awarded prizes. Take our little parish of Ewhurst, in Surrey. As a rule every farmer who uses one hundred acres of land ought not to have more than twenty-five acres, accord-

ing to the stock he keeps, and the capital he expends on it. I know a little farmer who uses twenty-five acres of the poorest land in the county of Surrey. He gave £5 a year rent when he first took it. He started as a farm labourer, and worked very hard himself. His wife has had a family of eighteen children; and she told me this herself. He built a nice little homestead on the land, which is a credit and a model to the little hamlet that he lives in. But after he had done all this they doubled and trebled his rent. He has now taken the property on a lease, and I believe it is paying him a very good profit. He has been enabled to buy a piece of land, on which he has built himself a good compact house.

"Then I write to say I one day saw an old farmer, and I said to him I believed his labourer was earning him ten shillings a day. His reply was that he had been a farmer over sixty years, and he never knew before he had a man who earned him ten shillings a day. I continued and said I knew him to be a thinking man, and I asked him to weigh the matter over in his mind, and give me his conclusive opinion the next time we met each other. I knew the work was remunerative.

"When I saw him again the old farmer said he had talked to his brother, and also to the workmen, about the amount earned by his man, and they concluded that I was not very wide of the mark. I said I did not at all exaggerate; in three years' time I reckoned he would be getting fifteen shillings a day for his man's work.

"Now, in my parish I could find employment for five hundred farm labourers for four months in the year, and each one could earn ten shillings a day for his employer. Then I write to say that the lime kilns and a great many of the farm buildings are in a terrible delapidated state. And then, again, I think landlords should put guttering round their farm buildings. I inquired in Guildford the cost of guttering, and was told it was ninepence per yard, and that it would stand for many years. As it is, all the soluble salts are washed out of the manure before it is taken on to the land. It has also been proved by chemical process that the wheat, and a good many other grains, consist of lime nutri-

ment; and good manure lightens and clenches the land of vermin. I like to use the little talent I have for the welfare of my fellow-countrymen, for with any disarrangement of our food importation England will be liable to a famine.

"I am, yours, &c.,

"ONE WHO IS A WELL-WISHER TO HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.

"Ewhurst Green,

"Guildford, Surrey."

Now, I feel it a duty to explain how these men earn from ten to fifteen shillings a day. In the first place, we have large wide hedge rues, and these are what I call nests of rubbish. Vermin breed in them. The seed of the rubbish is blown out into the field. Now, if the farmer were to set the men to burn the scraps and rotten leaves, and the light mould, into black ashes, I calculate they would be worth threepence a bushel, and the workman would get forty bushels per day. I have known farmers send their teams four miles for wood ashes, and it would take them all day to collect them, as they had a good many cottages to call at. They paid sixpence per bushel for them. At the same time they could burn the stuff upon the farm, to answer the same purpose, and would do away with a lot of rubbish. But sometimes the landlords are very particular; they will not allow the tenant farmer to do this. It would pay him well to go into his copses for this purpose, there often being a good depth of mould.

If farmers were to set their men to cut heath they would derive a good profit from the work. Heath is good to go on land, particularly for stiff land and wheat crops. It causes the water to penetrate into the surface of the earth; whilst, if water is allowed to remain on the surface of the land, it destroys the little fibres of the roots in the ground, causing the wheat to go yellow in the spring, and the farmers to get bad yields at harvest.

Well, take into consideration whatever form of government we might have, it greatly requires looking into. I believe if there were a tax put upon land that did not give its proper produce of vegetation—on timber in the fields, which is a great hindrance to vegetation, and also on shrubs and stag

parks, these taxes would do good in bringing the land into a better state of cultivation. Land held without any regard to whether it is productive or not is surely a national loss, for which its owners are morally responsible. For we are told in the best of all books that the earth was given to the children of men—that is, to obtain from it sustenance for those that dwell thereon; and I feel quite sure that those who are endeavouring to increase its productiveness deserve to be regarded as among the great benefactors of mankind. However they may enjoy the produce, they can't annihilate the land. I say, thank God that the land remains. If mankind could have had such communications with the inhabitants of the sun or of the moon, or with any other objects visible or invisible, as parting with territory from the face of the earth, to obtain the means of supplying their immediate purposes, long before our time there would not have been a foot of land for an Englishman, and probably not for a man of any other country, to be born upon.

A little tradesman recently told me that he went into the country to bury a relative, and when they got to the churchyard they had to wait there outside for an hour, as Master Reynard had taken the parson in a wrong direction. He knew the time he had to be there, and presently came galloping up with his horse in a lather of sweat.

To the English farmers: So long as March, 1864, a respectable poor man named James Clark, at Broseley, in Staffordshire, had his goods seized for non-payment of a church rate made upon him. He was a labouring man, with a wife and seven children, a bed-ridden mother eighty-three years of age, and an imbecile sister forty-three years of age, the two last receiving parish relief. The amount of the church rate demanded of him was 1s. 8½d., and for this the churchwardens seized nearly all the furniture in his cottage, compelling his children to lie on the floor the following night. In January of the same year, a poor widow of seventy years of age, living at Gresford, had a clock, a mahogany table, four brass candlesticks, three brass pans, a cloth, a pair of scales, and a teapot seized for a church rate of a few pence. These are the acts of the poor man's Church, and this is the

way in which the poor enjoy free worship in the Establishment. The rights of the poor mean the right to be imprisoned or distrained upon if they do not pay, whether they go to church or not. Does any other church do this? If a poor man's child has to be baptized the clergyman exacts his fee; if a poor man gets married, the fee is charged; if he is buried, the fee is charged; and a man can't put a stone over his wife's grave, or the grave of his child, without being compelled to pay more fees. The clergy of the Established Church, who are paid by tithes granted by the State, are the only ministers of religion who charge the poor man for such services, and yet it is called a "grand old institution." It has stood for over 800 years, true; but it is to draw the last drop of blood out of the poor man and the farmers.' To you English farmers: How long will you let these wicked principles be carried out? The clergy administer the sacrament on Sunday, but I think they put it away in their wardrobes with their surplices on Sunday night, for on Monday morning they are off to their cruel sport, and treading into the earth that which we ought to have for our sustenance. They have spun the web for many years; they have the land, and won't let the working classes have the use of it; the result is, they have sucked the last drop of blood from the wretched fly. I have seen spades and shovels and furniture sold by auction in the public stock market at Guildford to pay tithes. And then they go round with their plates on Sunday to collect more money. But if a poor man were to ask for a copper, they would give him from fourteen days' to three months' hard labour, on an empty stomach—a heavy load to carry. I have read in the Liberation papers that one portion was to support the poor, the second portion to support the church, and the other for the support of the parson; but these great spiders have reached over and got it all. Again I ask English farmers, How long will you bear this burden? I write upon this subject with no ill-feeling towards any man, woman, or child, and hope no jealousy will arise towards me. I feel that I have no superiors, neither have I inferiors. We read in our Master's great Book that we are all one flesh and blood; and it says in that beautiful prayer, "Deliver us from

evil," and "Thy will be done;" and I say it heartily too, to the great English nation.

I wrote the following letter for the *English Labourers' Chronicle* in 1878. I sent it to Leamington on Good Friday, but it got mislaid, and never went in the press. My little boy had 3d. each from different people for writing copies of it; and got orders for six copies, but he got tired of writing them. So I told him I would write this little book. This is the letter as I wrote it for the press:—

"TO THE EDITOR. Sir,—Noticing one of your correspondents wishes the like of myself to make a statement as to what I could produce, I beg to say I keep four cows, four weaners, and a horse, by purchasing a few grains. I have only two and a half acres of ground, but I make it a rule to well dress the land every year. Good dressing is what the land requires. Through want of dressing, not one acre in fifty gives its proper produce of vegetation. Take the poorest waste land in any county, and notice the cottage gardens, and that will show what cultivation and the humble pigstye and other saved manure will do. I say this is a public question, and must before many years become a foremost question. If a tax were put on the waste land, and also on timber and shrubs and wild hedge-ruess, I believe it would be a good tax to bring our land into a better state of cultivation. It would be the means of giving many the chance to have a piece of land who have not got the chance now. There are men who have the land to make a god of their cruel sport.

"I thought it was a serious question when I read in one of the London papers that there were seven hundred thousand persons who knew not on the morrow where to obtain a breakfast. Why should these men and women be locked out from the use of the land? To all classes of society this state of things is becoming serious. While, if the land were properly cultivated, and the game laws abolished, there need not be a man, woman, or child without the common necessities of life.

"At present we see one portion of society living in luxury, selfishness, and laziness; others the victims of pinching

poverty and the objects of woe. I myself take an interest in helping the poor. I walked twenty-four miles to a vagrancy meeting, where Dr. Stallard, the Hon. A. Herbert, and a few magistrates and clergymen were present; and I told them what could be done to prevent so many being unemployed. I hope to be at one of the meetings of the unemployed, and I shall be able to tell them.

"Now I believe in an Overruling Providence, and often wonder how those rich people who profess to believe in the gospel of Christ can be so unconcerned as they often are to the necessities and miseries of the poor and afflicted. The magistrates give fourteen days' imprisonment for asking for a crust of bread on an empty stomach! If our Saviour's advice is any good, how will the like of those give an account of their stewardship before their great Master? Now, as to Joseph Arch and George Mitchell ('One from the Plough'), I think they have done more for the oppressed than any other two men in this or any other generation; therefore, the sooner we can get men like these into the House of Commons, the better it will be for the lower and middle classes of society. We want men who will study the welfare of the many, and not the few who have got an abundance.

"From your well-wisher,

"Ewhurst Green,

"ELI HAMSHIRE.

"Near Guildford, Surrey."

THE FRANCHISEMENT OF PROPERTY.—I once knew a little tradesman who had purchased for £80 an old cottage and garden. He went to a lawyer to see what it would cost to make it freehold, and the lawyer told him £70. I think there must be something very unjust in this state of things, which should be altered by our legislature. Cottages are much wanted in this part of the country. This little tradesman was anxious to build the cottages, and the lawyer reduced it to £56, and made it freehold, To the reader: if you purchase any copyhold property, be sure you make it freehold before you build on it, or the lawyers and the lords of manors will take the advantage of your industry, and the money you expend on it. Then, again, there is primogeni-

ture and entail of property, which requires the consideration of our legislature. I have known property to go to ruin through the eldest son coming into it at his father's death. The result is, fathers have an ill-feeling against their sons; and I have known it to be the case where the father would let gentlemen's houses fall to the ground rather than have them repaired. Just the same with the land: he would let that go out of cultivation—the farm buildings dropping to the ground. Then, I once knew a town where they wanted a piece of ground for a burying-place, but, because it was entailed property, the gentleman could neither sell it to the townspeople nor give it to them. This is what I call a very serious question, and I hope all M.P.'s will take it into consideration. Whatever form of government we might have, it greatly requires looking into.

I saw in the *West Surrey Times*—which I take in regularly, being a valuable local paper for information for the welfare of the many—that the Guildford Town Council were getting into a fog about the sewage question, and I wrote this letter to the editor:—

“SIR,—I see the Guildford Town Council have got into a fog as to the sewage question, like many other town councils. I have noticed that there are some fine slopes of fertile plains on the borders of the town; and cisterns might be adopted by which the sewage could be applied to the land. The land would become a great benefit to the town, if let to labouring men, and tradesmen, who keep their horses. I know there are a great many persons in country villages who would like to have two or three acres of land, if they could get it. There being so much monopoly in the land, those who would are unable to get any. It is well known that there are plenty of large farms in the market, but these are not what the public want. They each want a small piece of land, so that they might grow a little fodder for their horses, cow, &c. A small farmer once took me into his dairy, where he had just churned 85 lbs. of butter; and this quantity he churned twice a week. I saw a long sewage tank in the little farmyard. He put the sewage on the land, and he found he was well paid by so doing. He had only sixteen acres of land; he could keep

nine cows, and grow roots to weigh 14 lbs., and more. I live in a parish where we have had a piece of allotment land for fifty years. I tell my neighbours in the next parish, Cranleigh, that we are fifty years before them. The Cranleigh people are very much pinched up with small gardens, like many other parishes. If they want a gallon of potatoes they are obliged to get them from America! We find a portion of the allotment very useful. Vegetables are grown there, and in every way the cultivation of the land is helpful in bringing up our families. I hope to live long enough to see this plan carried out in every village and town throughout the kingdom. In my view this would afford a tremendous impulse to the great weal of industry."

A LITTLE PIECE OF GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN THAT MY FATHER GAVE ME WHEN I WAS YOUNG.—He said I was giving my mind to public-house company, that it was more for the sake of the company than for the drink, and bad would become of me if I did not give it up! See how many are brought on to ruin through their black tobacco pipe and public-house company! He seldom ever said much to me and my brothers; but what he said had weight with my conscience. I remember going to the beershop one night and singing and playing the concertina till ten o'clock. Then I went with my companions to the public-house. There were ten of us in company. A hunting feast was being held in the parlour, and I was called upon to sing, the concertina being the first ever seen in Ewhurst. I could play the lead, and sing seconds. I began to play gaily "The Troubadour Touched his Guitar." I admit I sang rather loud, for I recollect once singing with a policeman, and set the teatrays on the jar! The landlady came into the taproom and said, "Hampshire! you ought to know yourself better than to come here and up singing like that, when you knew we had a party on in the other room!" I said we had a right to be merry, as well as those had in the other room, and that we did not wish to interfere with her company. The gentlemen came out to us, and I felt bound to go on singing! But I told the landlady that she should remember I had brought her a good lot of customers,

and that I always paid for what I had. I said I would never enter her house again to spend another evening, and I can set any one at defiance to say that they ever saw me there since! I then went to the beershop as usual for a month; I took this habit into consideration, and I found the expense averaged 9d. each night—three nights a week, amounting to 2s, 3d. a week. I thought I could put 3d. to this sum, and save the 2s. 6d. every week. I gave up the beershop and did so, until I had accumulated £17 10s. I do not mean that I would debar any poor man of a pint of beer when he wanted it. We read in our Bible that we should give strong drink to those who are ready to perish; and therefore if a man has been using the heavy irons of toil throughout the day, let him have a pint of good home-brewed beer to revive his spirits, that he might feel thankful to his Maker for the health and strength he has had during the day. My advice to the wife is that she try and make the home comfortable, and brew her own beer, which is very easy to do. For this purpose get $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of malt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of hops, 10 lbs. of coarse sugar, and that will make forty gallons of good wholesome beer; and if brewed in March or October, and put into good clean tubs, it would keep for any length of time. The way to brew is to have eighteen gallons of boiling water, and 4 gallons of cold water in the mash tub with the boiling water, and put the whole of it into a mash tub; then put up the malt, and let it stand for one hour. Next, draw it off, and boil it for one hour, with the hops, and 3 lbs. of sugar; then strain it, and at night put in a little yeast. Put it in tub the next day.

I often pity poor women when I know they have but very little with which to provide for their families, and I think those who take their turtle soup and splendid jellies, and eat their roast beef and venison, &c.; drink their claret and sherries, besides their March and October and Burton ales, ought to reflect upon the circumstances of them. Now, I should like to see these high class folk teetotallers, as they often bring upon themselves premature death by their free drinking. Then, again, when these people give their mind to that beastly habit, they are apt to hacker and splutter about,

and say that which they would not say when they are sober. But I often think it is in their mind when they are sober; they are like the hedgehog, they can't open their minds before they are wet! Those who have no government over themselves I would advise to be teetotallers; for we often hear of guns, razors, knives, hammers, and many other dangerous instruments being used, besides filling our unions and prisons, and making homes uncomfortable, and poor children feeling so much the effect of it. Whoever the reader might be, let him go to his Maker, and ask Him to give him the power to keep from this evil habit, instead of going to the pothouse, and standing a pot with one, and a pot with another. These are what I call goodnatured fools! I have often known their friends turn round and fight them—when “the drink was in and the wit out!” It is then that the money goes! So my advice to all young men and women is to learn this poetry, and think of its meaning:—

So, its come, all you frolicsome fellows,
And listen unto my advice,
And while I engage your attention
I will give you a piece of advice:
It's while you are wanton and single,
You are free to do just as you please;
But when you alter your station
It's time to alter your ways.

So always take this as a warning—
You will find as you journey through
life,
If you mean to live and be happy,
Be loving and kind to your wife.

There are some men blessed with plenty,
Both gold and silver in store,
Their wives they will slight and neglect,
To sport and to ravish with more.
But, believe me, this sort of behaviour
This bitter reflection will bring—
By harbouring a snake in your bosom,
You will feel the effects of the sting.
So always, &c.

If poverty comes to invade you,
O never deem it as a curse,
But remember the promise you made:
'Twas to marry for better, for worse.
So its join your affections together,
Let strife never enter your head,

You will find that you're richer than some
Tho' you have but a morsel of bread.
So always, &c.

If you should frequent the ale-house,
I will tell you, as sure as you're born,
When you're money is all gone and spent,
They will certainly treat you with scorn.
For the world is got to such a pitch,
It's puffed up with pride and disdain,
And a man for to be without money
Had far better be without brains.
So always, &c.

If your neighbours by tales or reports
Should strive your affections to bother,
The news as it enters one ear,
Why let it slip out at the other,
But if you're inclined to be jealous,
Be sure it is not without cause;
For oftimes ill feelings arise
When there is no occasion at all.
So always, &c.

So now that my poetry is ended—
No harm is intended I vow—
But if these few lines you consider,
I think you will find them all true.
So it's you that are married already
Must not take the will for the deed;
But you that are still living single.
Be true without further delay.
So always, &c.

The writer here in much affection sends
Some plain advice to newly married friends.
Should you the friendly hint receive, it
may

Subserve your interest in a future day.
Your various duties learn, and always move
by rule,

And let your actions spring from love;
Yourselves, your tempers, to each other
suit

And rather yield than carry on dispute.
Be emulous with that exalted sense
Which fears to give, and shuns to take
offence;

Should some dispute arise, in patience
wait,

A little time may set the matter straight.

If one speak rashly in an angry fit.

The other must be deaf and silent sit.

Never lose sight of what the Scriptures
say:

The man should rule in love, the wife obey.

Let all dissensions in the closet end,

And never bring them up before a friend.

Your mutual duties study when alone,

And when with others prove your hearts
are one;

Your neighbours visiting will then per-
ceive,

How different from the world believers live.

Carefully attend God's worship every day,

Nor suffer trifles to create delay;

Duties performed in proper time and place

Adds to religion a superior grace.

Consult each other, often pray

What is best to do, or what to give away.

At meals some subject started might be
well—

Of God, of Christ, the soul, of heaven, or
hell.

Early to rest retire, and early rise.

Least you neglect your morning sacrifice.

Be true and regular, whate'er it cost—

Good works, ill done, will prove but labour
lost.

Be frugal, prudent, yet not meanly near,
The Christian shew, in all you eat or wear.

At home, abroad, keep this in constant
view— [do;

Not what you may, but what you ought, to

Within the compass live, the rule attend,

At first set out as you would wish to end.

If children be your portion, thankful be,

They may be blessings for eternity.

Be tender, not indulgent, use the rod,

Yet curb with reason, thus you are taught
of God.

If sickness seems to call them, don't refuse,
What most we give to God, we best may
lose.

As friends of Jesus, show the steady friends;

To souls and bodies your assistance lend:

Be such throughout your life as shall con-
strain

The world to say your faith is not in vain.

May God who first the bond connubial
tied,

With providential blessings crown, and
guide

Your future steps; and with supplying
grace

Your souls, your bodies, and your offspring
bless.

When flesh and heart shall fail, and life
shall cease, [peace.

Thy faith in Christ yield glory, joy, and

The tobacco affects the brain and causes dwarfs in our country, it also leads to company, the sin of drunkenness, a devil to the soul, a thief to the pocket, the beggar's companion, expels reason, drowns memory, diminishes strength, distempers the body.

Supposing a man has got thousands,

And he has no government:

His means would waste,

And be a disgrace,

And die in discontent.

The evil of the heart defaces beauty, corrupts the blood, inflames the liver, weakens the brain, turn men into walking hospitals, causes internal, external, and incurable wounds, is a witch to the senses.

But I'll have you mark the old proverbs
 The weakest must go the wall ;
 O it grieves my mind, but still I find,
 Good government is all.

A wife's sorrow, and the children's dread, makes man
 become a sot, and self-murderer, who drinks to others good
 good health, and robs himself of his own.

If you will keep good company,
 You will never do amiss ;
 But it grieve your mind,
 But still you will find,
 Good government is all.

I well remember my mother once telling me that the land-
 lord was going to sell her furniture the next week ; and she
 went down the road and sat down on a stone-lump, and cried
 to her Maker to protect her in her trouble. The next morn-
 ing there came a letter to say that she was to go to Guildford,
 and the Dissenters who preached in her house gave her £5,
 my mother not having known that she was to receive any-
 thing for the use of her house. She said she felt as if she
 could fly home to my father, who had been ill twelve months.
 She was never in such distressing difficulties afterwards.

This is what I call "heart and brain prayer"—a possession,
 and not a profession. If the reader can get that church in
 his heart, he will not be far wrong. He will then carry with
 him a contented disposition, and angry passions will not
 arise so frequently.

I also remember my mother telling us boys never to make
 fun of those who are afflicted. I remember a man who
 used to make fun by imitating her sister, who used to walk
 with her toes turned in ; and when this man had a son born
 he walked exactly in the same way ; and does so at the
 present time, and always goes by the name of "Hen-toed
 Jemmy."

I think how very wrong it is of any one to make fun of
 an afflicted one ! We have all afflictions of some nature of
 other to contend with at times. Then, again, look at poor
 Tichborne ! See what he had to put up with from those

Carbineers, and called all kinds of names, because God's mark was on him—different to any other man—not one man in a million like him. But he is as God made him, and that mark no man can take from him. And as those malformation papers are true, who can he be but the true and living Tichborne? Those people who have not read these papers ought to do so, since I can see no harm in them whatever. I think the doctors' evidence ought to have been seen by the public, and then it would not have been such a stumblingblock to so many. The poor mother was a wise woman to keep him in petticoats till he was ten years old. I believe that any mother would know her own sucking child, and more particularly when it has marks on it from its birth—the same as I have myself, and many others whom I know. Then, again, I had an uncle who used to pass remarks and mock and laugh at one poor old woman who had no legs to walk with, and I have heard my mother say that the poor old woman said it would come home to him some day. My uncle had a little boy, about six years old, and some affliction befel him. He lost the use of his legs, and he has gone on his hands and feet much the same as the old woman used to go, and does so up to the present day. This visitation happened to occur to a relation of mine. I write this as a warning to the reader.

“THE GROVE, ROFLEY, Oct. 12, 1881.

“My dear Friend,—Pray write what you please about my poor friend Sir Roger Tichborne. A good cause can lose nothing by publicity. I am confined to my bed with illness. Although nearly three-score years and ten, I thank God I found my Saviour three years ago, and I hope you have Him safe. He is the best of friends. My only regret is I served Him so unfaithfully for so many years. Don't forget: ‘Whosoever comes to Me in no wise can be cast out;’ and that, ‘Now is the day of salvation.’ I return you the slips, with many thanks for the perusal; and I admire your admirable letter. I have an order to see Sir Roger Tichborne on or before next Monday, and if God grants me health enough I shall go and visit him once more—the vic-

tim of a papal conspiracy! Wishing you well, with my last words, 'Never forget Him who suffered death for me,' and only ask you to accept His free gift,

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"GUILDFORD ONSLOW."

The Tichborne being a great public question—having marks upon him from his birth, and the visitation of Providence befalling a relative of my own, I write this as a caution to the public—never to pass remarks upon those who are in any way afflicted.

I was walking in Guildford on June 30th, 1881, and I saw a poor man playing an harmonium. He was blind, and I went up to him and gave him a penny, and said to him, "How might you have lost your eyesight?" He said, "I asked God to—my eyes." I said, "What!" He said, "If I tell you the truth, I said, 'God—my eyes.'" He did not give me time to get my money out; he stood upon the doorstep of a public-house, and the publican was in a hurry, as there were some races going on at the time. This poor man turned his head, and something seemed to strike his eyes, and he has been blind from that day to this, which is ten years ago. He said to me he thanked God, although he was blind with his natural eyesight in this world, he was not blind to the heavenly paradise. I said to him, "I wonder you go about playing that instrument." He said, "I feel happy in singing Sankey's beautiful hymns. I had a hard struggle for twelve months. You read in your Bible that 'Ye must be born again' before you can enter into the kingdom of heaven."

A TERRIBLE WARNING.—A short time since a private in the Hampshire Regiment invoked in a profane manner the name of the Deity by making use of the phrase "God strike me blind." He afterwards felt drowsy, and stretched himself on his bed, but when he attempted to open his eyes he found that he could not do so, and he has since been wholly deprived of the use of his eyes. He was conveyed to the Haslar Military Hospital, where he remains.

I belong to the Ancient Order of Foresters, and there are large mansions in our parish the owners of which would, I believe, if they were kindly invited, patronise our anniversaries and become honourable members. I think the Foresters are, as a rule, a very industrious class of people who try while in health to avoid becoming chargeable on the Poor rates. I think our M.Ps. ought to come and assist in this direction. We have one Esquire in our little parish who does come, and he gave a good lecture at our last anniversary, and put his shoulder to the wheel; he threw down on the table two or three sovereigns on this occasion, to assist the society. This is what I call charity, and setting a good example to his neighbours. If there were more who would come out like our Esquire it would greatly add to their credit and they would see that our money is put to good interest and that we have good securities for it. How much better it would be for our institutions. We are only getting $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest at the Post Office Savings Bank. We work hard for our money, and I think we ought to get a better interest for it. We should then be able to have a doctor free for our wives and families, where, as it is now, we find it a heavy burden to pay the doctor's bills. And I am sorry to say how many there are who can speak from experience as to the burdens of the doctors' bills in this direction; and I think when a man has paid in £35 his contributions ought to be reduced, and when he has paid in £60 he ought to be exempt from paying any more contributions, as he then gets advanced in years and is less able to work, and I think that every man who pays into a society ought to have a share in the land if he choose, as it is man's instinct from his Maker, and the wife and children would have something to do as well as her husband; they would then have a chance to provide for old age. How many young women would like to patronise the matrimonial institution, if they could see a chance of keeping poultry, a pig, and cow, &c. I believe that this plan would have the desired effect of doing away with our union workhouses and our Poor rates, and I hope these remarks of mine will be read at all anniversaries and have the desired effect of doing a great amount of good. My subject is short as the time may be

taken up at our coming anniversaries in the way of lectures, as this is the only chance the country working classes have to hear them. I am one who is a well-wisher to every industrious man and woman, and more particularly little children.

O money and the land,
Thy praises I will sing :
The fox is my god,
And the stag is my king.
And if the farmers complain,
I take no notice of him but grin ;
And we say treading the vegetation is no sin.

To the reader : only fancy forty to sixty horsemen riding over new sown wheat and meadow land in the month of January, breaking down styles, gatebacks and fences ; but if a poor old woman was seen taking any home to warm her children's feet, this same class of being would give her from fourteen days to six months hard labour. Then again, I pity a few of the English farmers, but not those who patronise it, for I feel afraid I shall have to pay the Poor rates to keep them in the union workhouse. As to Irish farmers, they are waking up in this direction ; like other people, they were going to have lynch law on the horsemen, and the farmers would not allow them to hunt. Now, as to the Irish, they are far in advance of the English, they send Home Rulers and good Liberal members to the House of Commons, and they like myself, don't believe in our Perpetual Pensions List, that they see in the Financial Reform Almanack.

I once knew one of these Perpetual Pensioners who had £11,716 6s. 9d. per annum, and he never did anything for the money, he bought a good deal of land and let it go out of cultivation, and he kept a kennel of staghounds. Mr. Bradlaugh came to Guildford and gave a lecture on this great and serious question. I was invited to be chairman by the secretary of the Reform Club. We want Mr. Bradlaugh or some other Law, to alter this state of things. The shoemakers of Northampton are a thinking class of men. The Irish are not like us hard-hearted Surrey, and silly Sussex, and simple Essex, and foolish Norfolk. and few others of our little rotten

beer and bread and cheese Boroughs. No matter how big a blockhead, if he be a Capitalist, a lawyer, or a parson, or a Perpetual Pensioner, he will do for the above mentioned places. These, as a rule, will support the civil service, and will write out their cheques for £100 and send before they get their goods, but if they run out of a few things such as half a dozen pounds of sugar, or a little salt, &c., they will go to the little tradesman, and get him to give them credit for six months, and when he carries in his bill there is a little deficiency in some way or other, they then keep him waiting for another six months before they will pay his bill. To the reader: the Liberal members will shortly pass the Franchise Bill. You will then have possession of your vote, and as you have to pay all kinds of taxes to support this Perpetual Pension List, and many other lists besides; I myself used to pay 1s. as land tax, but now I have to pay 9s. 6d., and I know an aged man who worked hard in his younger days to keep himself from the Poor rates, and who has no relative whatever, and where he used to pay 2s. as land-tax, he now has to pay 19s. 7½d, I consider this tax to be very unjust. Now these Perpetual Pensioners, bishops and parsons, are staunch Conservatives, they buy and sell their livings, and they make merchandise of their religion, they pay a curate a very small sum to preach, they have got their nests well feathered and all they want is to keep them so, and what they want is to make plenty of gunpowder, and to be able to keep up a strong army to protect their property in every way, and for the English farmer to pay the rent, tithes, and taxes, and to bind the farmer down to grow only what they think proper; I knew a farmer who wished to grow hops and carrots, but the landlord would not allow him to grow them; they have tied the farmers down so much that they have drawn the last penny from their pockets. In my own little parish their are farm houses standing empty and where the wheat-ricks used to stand they plant laurels, and evergreen rubbish, and the rick-staddles are kicking about the farm-yards, and the land lying dormant, and the poor old farmer who used this land, and was bred and born in the house that now stands empty, was sent to Hambleton Union, and he said that he should only live a fortnight as he felt so

bad at heart, but he lived three weeks and three days, and he was brought back and buried in the Churchyard on January 4th, 1884.

Now, the labourer has to work and toil to uphold those that will not listen to him, but who looks upon his smock frock with high disdain. Reforms will be better for the people; but there is room for great reforms. Give these men the privilege of voting for poor-law guardians, and we shall have things very different from what they are now. Just fancy a man travelling in search of work—"hard up," as the saying is—with a family of children at his heels! A more mortifying picture I cannot conceive. He goes to the workhouse for lodgings, where he is given a bit of bread, for which he has to work the next morning, and is called and entered on the books "a vagrant," as the poor distressed half-starved inmates are called "paupers"—names and words which are a disgrace to the English language. I remember in 1860 going to the Hambleton Union to see an uncle of mine, who had been a very hard-working man all his days. He was in what they called the hospital, ill, and there were six old people and a young woman with her baby in this little room. When I went into the room, the young woman's husband was nursing the baby, which was crying, and the general appearance and condition of the place was too bad to be described here. I thought it a deplorable state of things to exist in a so-called Christian country. One of the old men, who was born in 1800, told me that their usage was very bad. Their vegetables were very badly cooked—the potatoes speared at the beginning of year, and they did not even rub the spears off, and, as the old man said, they were scarcely fit for swine to eat. Another poor old man, who had been to prison, said the food he got there was sweeter and better than it was in our unions. The tears ran down his face as he told me he was sent to prison because he could not do his task of work, and insulted one of the officials. He had fourteen days in prison. I have shown the unkind treatment the poor get, while the great paid officials live in luxury, and are over-paid; and that the money does not go to the poor, who are called vagrants and paupers, but to the officials.

The actual relief of the poor for the year ending Lady Day 1883, amounted to 6s. 4d. per week, per head of the population estimated; while the sum levied as Poor Rate during the same period was equal to a rate of 10s. 3½d. per head.

My one day's experience.—The first thing that caused me to think was the sight of a house of poor shoeless children—a family of eight—in the parish of Cranleigh. The parent conversed with me, and told me he earned 12s. a week, out of which he paid 3s. for rent; upon the remaining 9s. a family of ten had to live! He was then going to Cranleigh churchyard to dig a grave. I thought to myself, what can he have for dinner? He had got into the churchyard, and I called to him to come to me. He threw his basket down by the road-side. I asked him to bring his basket, as I wanted to see his dinner, and all that he had was from four to five ounces of bread. I then gave him twopence to get a piece of cheese. There seemed to be a prayer strike me—that the poor man might do better in the future. This was my experience of a poor man's dinner in Cranleigh churchyard. And I thought of our great Master, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." I once saw a poor old farm labourer, who told me he worked for one family for fifty-three years, and that he was respected by them about as much as though he were a dog! I said that he had worked hard, and done his country good, and now he was respected like a donkey in the wood? He said I was quite right. I said his naval had got pretty close to his backbone, and I asked if he ever had a brace of pheasants given to him, to keep his naval away from his backbone? He said, No, and he thought a farm labourer never did. I said I thought I could challenge 500 parishes around, and not one farm labourer could come forward and say that he ever had such a thing as a brace of pheasants given him. He then said they produced their food and everything else for them—it was done with the plough and the spade. I said they boasted of their charities, but I thought they greased the fat hog, and forgot the like of him. He said that was true. He had done his share of hard work here, and hoped he should soon go yonder (pointing to the skies). He wished me well, and

bid me good day. I then went up Sydney Road, and Austen Road (Guildford), where I heard them punching flints into a powder, for the roads round the Union, which is of very little value. I have often thought that it must be a nuisance to the people living around the Union to hear the iron bars chinking, and how much better it would be if these institutions were placed on waste land, so that they might cultivate it, as we have thousands of acres that would pay well for cultivating, and be the means of lessening the poor rate, there being so many of the public unable to pay it at the present time. I think that many of our great institutions want working on more self-supporting principles.

These thoughts left me, and I walked to the Town Clock, where I saw nine people leaning and standing on the steps of the corn market. There were two babies. The superintendent of police came and gave them an order for the workhouse. I then walked into North Street, where I expected to see a grand sight. Hearing much talk of the Salvation Army, I expected to see them dressed up like soldiers; but all that I saw were two little under-sized young women, and about forty persons standing hearing them discourse: "Ye who are young—come, give your early years to God; multitudes die as young as you—come in to-night for Jesus. Ye who are advancing in years, and ye who are aged—come! Neighbours and friends, you who are accustomed to drinking habits, we invite you in—to try to make your homes comfortable, and stand up for Jesus! My aged friends, you are tottering on the edge of the grave," &c. My thoughts were on these young women, speaking to the public. They will be a great hurt to the drinking house. Now, these young women have the nerve to come out boldly. They act differently to the clergy in our district, where some of their livings are £1000 a year. If a man gets drunk on Saturday night, they might preach about it on Sunday, and on Monday go and grumble at the poor man's wife, just as if she could help it! The poor woman is like the sheep among the wolves—snarled at for her husband's faults! To the reader: I know one of these clergyman's living is worth £1,700 a year; and a little farmer, whose wife had thirteen children, when he paid his

tithe, was not thrown back one penny !—the parson wouldn't do it ! The farmer told me this, and he is a very hard-working man. What a contrast between the clergyman and the two little under-sized young women ! They have a good nerve to speak in the public streets, as lambs among wolves ! And what can two poor unguarded sheep expect amidst a herd of ravenous wolves ? Wicked men are like wolves, whose nature it is to destroy ; and these young women were advocating their good. They sung—

We are bound to the land of the pure and the free,
Where the drunkard might come and the swearer go free ;
From sin, fear, and death the Saviour would soon set you free ;
Only trust in Him, who suffered so much for we.

I thought what a great hurt it would be to the publicans. The publicans have all classes of society to contend with, and they have not the Sabbath days on which to rest, and have more to pay to the revenue than any other trade.

THE SUBJECT OF CHARITY.—The government admitted that something ought to be done, and in a timid, feeble sort of way set forth a scheme which Mr. Gladstone described as “ nibbling ” at the question. They propose to charge certain fees for the action of the Charity Commission in particular cases, such, for example, as the issue of orders authorising the sale of charitable estates, granting leases, and so on. It was estimated that the returns under such a scheme of charges would be something over £7,000 a year, about one-third of the amount required. When it is remembered that the charity property administered in this country amounts to at least four millions a year ; that in the City of London alone the charities in existence would suffice to give £88 a year to each of the inhabitants ; and that, in spite of all that the Charity Commissioners have done in the way of rectifying abuses, vast sums are unquestionably and grossly perverted from their proper object, it becomes clear how feeble the government proposal is. No doubt the subject is an unpopular one, and if it were fairly broached, the proposition to impose a tax upon charity property would call forth a great outcry. It has done so before, and Mr. Gladstone himself

failed to pass a measure with that object in 1868. This is, perhaps, a sufficient excuse for the government in their dread of unpopularity above all things, declining to do more than touch the matter with the tips of their fingers. Nevertheless, a thorough and frank discussion of the points involved in the whole subject is extremely desirable. It is idle to talk of unwillingness to exact taxes from charitable funds, while we indolently or helplessly allow those funds to be so largely squandered and misapplied. To secure, if that were possible, an adequate remedy for all abuses of charitable property, and to provide that remedy at the cost of the property itself, would surely be both more satisfactory and more economical than the present system. Timid as the government proposal is, there does not seem very much chance that even it will be brought forward and vigorously carried through.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE.—It appeared that in a certain school—typical alas!—many of the scholars came from 487 families, 400 of which had but one room each to live in. In most cases five persons lived in this room, and in some cases as many as nine. Of course the children were half-starved. It is enough to provoke tears of pity and wrath to read of the mistress of a large Board School who dare not put her scholars through the mockery of asking a blessing and saying a grace because they had, as a rule, “nothing whatever to eat in the middle of the day.”

I know one poor man in my own parish, who went thrashing oats, and he had a family of six children at home, and nothing but oatmeal to eat, as he was only earning nine shillings per week, out of which he had to pay half-a-crown for rent. The mother told me the children cried, and would not go to school because they had no dinner to take. They owed tenpence for school money, so they were sent back home, and the parents summoned. They appealed to the bench, but these stone-hearted magistrates gave her an order to pay five shillings. The woman told me she was very weak through having had nothing to eat; and how to get home she did not know. She is a poor, thin, skeleton-looking woman, with scarcely any clothes on her back; and yet these flint-hearted

magistrates ordered her to pay five shillings. What the magistrates ought to have done was to give her £5 and sent her home, the same as the Dissenters did my poor mother once when she was in distress.

“So God created man in His own image, male and female; and God blessed them. And God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth.” I hope to live long enough to see that wicked law reformed which separates man and wife, and their dear little children from them. It is not legal to separate man and wife, according to Bible teaching; and poverty is no sin. I knew a poor old man eighty years of age, who was bred and born in the parish of Ewhurst. His parents and his two wives and some of his children were buried in Ewhurst churchyard. He was removed to another parish with his daughter, but she was ill and could not attend to him, so they took him to the union, where he died in about six weeks. He was buried in Shamley Green churchyard, which is six miles from Ewhurst; so the laws not only separate them whilst living, but even separate them when dead.

I have written a few plain, candid facts for the good of my fellow-countrymen, and hope it will prove some good for all classes that are in any way oppressed. My motto is to think for the welfare of myself and family when I get up in the morning, and to ask my Maker to guard me through the day; that my income may be a little bigger than my outlay; and to think for the good of my fellow-countrymen throughout the day.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

“SIR.—Being an aged man, and a man of talent, would you kindly read the little book I now send you? I have seen sold in the Guildford Stock Market, by public auction, spades and shovels and furniture—those things, belonging to a sect known as the Quakers, being sold to pay the tithes to the Church of England.

"I know a small farmer who is a Dissenter, and whose wife has had a family of thirteen children, and the Church of England minister would not give him back a penny when he paid his tithes. The parson's living is worth £1,700 a year, they say. I saw the farmer in the field ploughing one day last summer, when it was very hot, and so thirsty was he that he stooped and drank some water from a wheelrut. My thoughts were, how would the Church of England minister like to be as hard driven as this farmer.

"Now, the Church of England belongs to a rich class of people, and why should not *every* sect support its own denomination? I should like to see civil reforms in this so-called christian country; and, as you are advanced in years, and I myself feel as if I hang on a web, we shall shortly have to give an account of our stewardship.

"I had a dream of the Sunderland disaster, which befel the little children. I saw towards the east most splendid scenery, and I went at a terrific speed through the air, the children appearing higher and brighter, till at last I awoke, and it was but a dream. Now, the thought struck me, is that the way the soul goes when the breath leaves the body? If so, we need not dread death.

"I am yours, &c.,

"One who is a wellwisher as to your future destiny,
ELI HAMPSHIRE."

"P.S.—I was at the Fisheries' Exhibition on Oct. 24, 1888, and there was one great question which struck me, and that was—the waste. As I went to one of the bars to get my dinner, two men went away leaving about half a plate of roast beef and some bread. The waiter came and took the plates, and put the meat and bread into a large basket. I said to him; "What becomes of the bread, meat, and beautiful pie-crust and cake which you clear from the tables?" He told me it was thrown into the pig tubs, and said it grieved him to see the waste, as he should like to carry it home to his wife and family; but, if he was caught doing so, he would be liable to a months' imprisonment, and lose his character. I am sorry to say I see a very great deal of food thrown into

the pig tubs at the houses of the upper classes in the different districts through which I travel, the servants not daring to give it away.

"Sir, may I ask you to give this letter publicity. If you will kindly do so it will be the means of preventing a great deal of the waste I have mentioned in my book. You have done many great and good deeds for your country.

"I should like to live as I would like to die.—E.H."

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

"Sir.—Will you kindly let me know if you have received the little book, the slip of paper, and the letter, which I sent you ?

"Your wellwisher,
"ELI HAMSHIRE."

[Reply to the foregoing.]

"Sir.—I received your note and also the 'little book.' I read much of what you have written, but I cannot agree with some of your opinions ; but this, I am quite sure, will not surprise you.

"I am yours, &c.,
"MR. ELI HAMSHIRE. "JOHN BRIGHT."

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

"Sir.—I feel thankful to hear you received my letter, &c., and I write upon the principle, 'Be just and fear not.' I read in the best of all books, 'He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker.' The cry for food in some of our large towns is something fearful, and I should like to see my letter referring to the waste at the Fisheries' Exhibition in print, as it is something beyond all comprehension. How many thousands of children it would supply with food !

"Your wellwisher,
"ELI HAMSHIRE."

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

"Sir,—As I am about to have a second edition of my book will you kindly allow me to put the speech delivered by you at Rochdale on November 16, 1881, on your seventieth birthday.

"As I am one who would like to forward the liberal cause and your noble speech would greatly assist me should you kindly allow me to publish it; it is a wise piece of instruction. The last time I was in Mr. Guildford Onslow's company he spoke kindly of your political opinions. As I sat in the room conversing with him he threw up his arms and said, I have found my Saviour, and I shall not be in this world much longer, and he left the room with his wishes that we might meet again in Heaven. I must now conclude with the same wishes to you, and wish you a happy new year.

"From your wellwisher,

"ELI HAMSHIRE."

[*Reply to the foregoing.*]

182, Piccadilly, London,
Feb. 6, 1884.

"Dear Sir.—I cannot object to your making any use you please of the speech to which you refer. I do not think you will recover the cost of printing it.

"I am yours, &c.,

"MR. ELI HAMSHIRE,

"JOHN BRIGHT."

"Ewhurst, Guildford.

The following remarks are from the Speech made by MR. BRIGHT at Rochdale on the 16th November, 1881, acknowledging the address presented by the inhabitants on his Seventieth Birthday:—

"I THINK I have once in this town—I am not quite sure—related a little incident that came under my notice in the year 1842 or 1843. I was with a friend of mine in Wiltshire, on

Salisbury Plain, among those wonderful remains of ancient and unrecorded times. There was a man walking about among these ruins with a long, rough coat on. He was evidently acquainted with the neighbourhood, and I entered into conversation with him.

He told me he was a shepherd, and that, rain or fair, he was on Salisbury Plain tending his sheep. I asked him how many children he had. He said, "Only one, thank God." "Well," I said, "how is it that you thank God that you have only one child?" "Well," he said, "would you not do the same if you had to spend seven days a week here tending sheep and your wages were 8s. per week and no more?" I said "Well, perhaps I might, or I might ask that somehow or other 8s. might be made into 16s. Mr. BRIGHT then quoted from "Mr. John Morley's life" of Richard Cobden the following letter written by Mr. Cobden in the year 1850, that is the year after the duty on corn was reduced to 1s. per quarter:—

He says the only newspapers which enter the parish are two copies of *Bell's Weekly*, a sound old Tory protectionist, much patronised by drowsy farmers. *The wages paid by the farmers are very low*, not exceeding 8s. a week. I am employing an old man nearly 70 and his son about 22, and his nephew about 19. I pay the two former 9s. a week and the last 8s., and I am giving 1s. a week more than anybody else is paying." Then he describes the poverty of the people generally. He says, "They have a quarter of an acre of garden, which the majority rent, and which they work, and get a little help from it after their day's work for the farmer has been completed."

That was the state of the wages then. Now, I once met a man in this town. He was doing some work about our premises under a contractor. I thought he looked ill, and spoke to him. He said he was very ill, and had just come back to work. I said, "Where do you come from?" and he said he came out of Buckinghamshire, and he had not been in Buckinghamshire for many years. I said, "What wages were they giving in Bucks when you left?" *He said his father had 7s. a week when he was a lad, but when he left he had 11s. and he said he had heard since that they were getting 14s.* That, according to his statement, was an actual doubling of

the wages of the labourers in Lord BEACONSFIELD'S own county of Buckingham. In a letter published almost immediately after Lord BEACONSFIELD'S death which he wrote to a gentleman who had sent him a book about the condition of the population in the south-western counties of England. Lord BEACONSFIELD said he thought he underrated the improvement in the condition of the farm labourers. *In his opinion the rise in the wages of farm labourers had been at least 40 per cent.—that is 10s. of wages per week has risen to 14s. per week.* So far about the farm labourers. I believe that in many different parts of the country the wages of farm labourers, taking into account the hours which they work and all particulars, *are doubled since free trade was established.*

Now, look at another class of men. I walked down from the Reform Club through the park to the House of Commons one day in the past summer, three or four months ago, and an intelligent-looking working man joined me, and addressed me by name. I asked him if he knew me. He said he knew me because, he said, "I have been a good deal in Birmingham and have attended your meetings there, and so I know you very well." I talked to him a little about his business. He said he was then getting 7s. 6d. a day as a bricksetter, and he added, "I formerly used to work for 4s. a day." From 4s. to 7s. 6d., is a considerable leap. Now, I should like to tell you of something that has happened nearer home, for I suspect there are many persons in this meeting who have not the least idea of *the actual increase of wages* that has taken place among the factory operatives in this neighbourhood during the last 50 years.

I was looking the other day at one of our wages books in 1840 and 1841. I tell you what I found in it, and what I found in our wages book now. The figures are taken over an average of two months at that time and over an average of two months now, and therefore present a fair statement of what happened then and what happened now. Many persons here know, of course, all about the interior of a Cotton Factory, and I shall speak as if we were in a mill and looking over the people at work. I find that in 1839 the throstle piercers—I need not explain who they are—were receiving 8s. a week, and

they were working 12 hours a day. I find that now the same class of hands are now receiving 18s. a week at 10 hours a day. If they were paid for that work for 12 hours, and paid at the same rate, it would be 16s. a week, or exactly double what they received 1839, 1840 and 1841. The young women who worked at the frames had at that time 7s. 6d. a week. They have now 15s., and that is without reckoning the fact that they are working two hours a day less. The rovers and slubbers got 8s. a week, and they are getting 14s. a week now. The doffers are considered a class whose wits are a little too sharp, and are sometimes not very manageable. They used to have 5s. 6d. a week, they now have 9s. 6d. The warpers in those days, as far as my recollection serves me, were all women: they earned on the average of the two months 17s. 6d. a week. The warpers now are all men, and they have earned in the two months an average of 35s. 6d. a week. Well, at that time we had a very clever man, a blacksmith, whom I used to like to see strike the sparks off. His wages were 22s. a week. Our blacksmiths now have wages of 84s. a week, and they only work factory time, which is 10 hours, whereas the man of 22s. a week worked factory time of 12 hours.

You see the enormous change in the people in these factories; *they have two hours leisure, which some had not before, and their wages are nearly double.* I know what will be said—that I have more spindles, and their mules have more spindles, and their roving frames or their drawing frames go faster, and a great many other things. Still, I think it is impossible to account for this extraordinary improvement in the wages of agricultural labourers, of bricksetters, of gardeners, and all your factory operatives, and all your mechanics upon any other theory than this—that the new policy with regard to trade, which has made our trade fourfold, has been the cause which has made this stupendous and unimagined improvement in the condition of the people.”

I am thankful that we have such men as John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, Firth, H. Y. Fawcett, and Sir. W. Lawson. And could we have a man like Bradlaugh in the House he would keep the

team moving: and as well he would make a first-rate Carter for the House of Commons. It is not the oath that so puts the members out, it is because he is for reducing the high salaries, and perpetual pension lists, and bishops lists, and a good many other lists, that are oppressive to the working classes of this country. As to the oath, go into any law court and hear the public take their oaths, and then hear them contradict each other, and if you want to hear anything of the sort go into the county courts and there you will hear nearly all false oaths contradicting each other.

When Mr. Gladstone went into office a few years back he discharged a lot of dockyard workmen, and these men were doing work that was not needed, as for instance, I purchased a horse collar for 4s. when the contract was for the government 12s. each collar, all surplus stock is sold for mere nothing to what it costs the government, we, as tax-payers, have to pay to support all this state of things. Mr. Gladstone is a good hand at cutting down trees, but he wants to get at the roots better; the greatest evil is the perpetual pensioners, and bishops, and lawyers. I hope he will soon be able to discharge a few of them. If a middle class man purchases a little piece of property the lawyers get out the writings and then charge from £10 to £50 for about from one to four hours work; why should we not buy property the same as we buy a horse or such like, and get a receipt for our money, and that would be sufficient; sometimes simple proposals prove useful, to which I hope it will to the above.

Mr. Gladstone took the duty off the tea and the sugar. I have paid 5s. per lb. for tea, and 10d. per lb. for sugar, and now I can buy the same tea for 2s. 6d. per lb., and the same class of sugar for 2d. per lb. Mr. Gladstone took the duty off the malt, and he has given us cheap postage, and cheap newspapers, and a good many other useful reforms, such as a cheap loaf; but the Conservative government want to stop the meat being imported into this country, if they could, perhaps to keep the price up, surely good fat bullocks, and fat sheep, and fat hogs, would not bring any disease with them, I never knew any of the dumb creation get fat if it was unhealthy. I cannot understand how a working class man,

or a middle class man, can be a Conservative. I can understand a perpetual pensioner, and the bishops and Church of England parsons, and lawyers, and the great owners of the land being Conservatives, but then it is wicked to own the land, whether it is productive or not. "He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker." Monopolization must be done away with in trades as well as in land. It would be the instigation of doing away with strikes; and see how many thousands of poor children there are in want of bread, through the strikes. Only fancy our new law courts being let to one man to build, it seems all out of reason, there ought to have been at the very least one hundred contractors; and I think all great colleges want making into smaller ones; only fancy fifty or sixty boys sleeping in one room, if there happens to be any epidemic you see how it will spread. We sometimes feel the effect of this in Surrey. In the large towns no one man ought to have more than one front shop, and in great manufacturing districts if the manufacturies were built on smaller principles how many industrious classes of society it would employ, there would then be more owners; and we have beautiful regular running streams of water in this part of Surrey: and how much labour could be done by this water, if there were manufacturies built in these districts, where there are regular running streams of water, and then we should be able to manufacture for exports, and cause to make a great deal of industry, and the bowels of the earth ought to belong to the nation, and also the waste land. If there could be any intermixture of the different soils nature would yield a far deal greater produce of vegetation of every description: surely we should not have shoeless children, surely we should not have children with hungry stomachs, if my propositions could be carried out, which could be simply done, if we one and all turned our attention to it England could be made like a little paradise.

Conservatism must be stamped out
Before my propositions can go in the right route.

JUST ONE WORD FOR THE SURREY FARMERS.—I saw a little farmer who told me he had ninety young sheep eleven

months old, and they were fat, and he wanted over £300 for them ; and I saw he had nine good large milking cows, and I was told that there was not a gallon of couch on the farm, which was seventy acres. This man is bound to do well if the landlord don't raise his rent. If the Surrey farmer's were to turn their attention to rearing more sheep, and not to take in the Kent sheep to keep through the winter ; if they had a few of their own it would pay them much better. Surely if they could winter the sheep, they could keep them through the summer ; if the farmer were to study rearing the stock, and using lime on the land, he would find it profitable, and be satisfied with one farm. And I think farm labourers ought not to be a tenant under a farmer, as they often take the advantage of his industry ; he has a right to make the best price of labour, the same as the farmer who takes his fat bullock into the market.

I know a farm labourer who receives eighteen shillings a week ; because he was a tenant and paid half-a-crown a week for his cottage, the farmer would not allow him to work for the other man, or he would have to leave his cottage. But the farmer would not pay but thirteen shillings a week. I know a great deal of oppression is carried on in this sort of way by all kinds of tradesmen.

THE VACCINATION.

We read the visiting the iniquity of the Fathers upon the children, and to the third and fourth generation. To those who read their Bibles, don't you think the venal blood is running in your veins, such as the kings-evil and the erysipelas ; and a great many other eruptions running in our blood. I read of sixty French soldiers who were revaccinated and were all attacked with syphilis ; and how many little children I have seen with sores breaking out on them after the vaccination. The remedy for the cure is worse than the disease. At the Burnley Co-operative Society, sketched the life of Doctor Jenner, the founder of the system of vaccination, who received 30,000 for a discovery which he stated was a preventive against smallpox, but which the essayist contended was no preventive at all, and gave numerous

statistics to show that smallpox had increased up to the last great epidemic in 1871 and 1872. Since that time sanitary measures have been better attended to, thereby causing the mortality from smallpox to be lighter.

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.—The total expended under this head since the year 1840, had been £2,220,798. In 1882, bonuses or awards paid to public vaccinators had amounted to £14,264; and, since 1868, when they were first granted under section 5 of the Vaccination Act, £159,808; which, in my opinion, is a scandalous waste of public money. If we could have had one or two midwives in each country parish, how much suffering in confinement this enormous amount of money would prevent.

I often see advertisements like this, "those who have incumbrances need not apply," this means little children; now the persons who put these advertisements in, ought to think of their great Master who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I feel thankful to the public for their patronage for 20 years as a carrier to Guildford and Horsham, and also for the last 20 years in the fresh Butter and Poultry line, &c.; and I see no reason why I should not enjoy my political and religious opinions, which, I hope, will be interesting and instructive to all who read them; and I am very particular never to sell anything to any of my customers that I could not eat myself. I hope that my patrons will not lay this book aside, as they would a newspaper, but think over the meaning of it, for our lives are like being among brambles, no sooner do we get one hook out than we get another hook in.

My prayer is that I might do good for the oppressed, and the weaker vessels, and the little children of all nations; and to every reader I desire health, happiness, and prosperity, and pray that we may meet again in heaven, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ELI HAMSHIRE.

*Godbridge Lodge, Ewhurst,
near Guildford, Surrey.
Feb. 25, 1884.*



